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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1 25 Per Year

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FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS.

Smethport Quiet but Nearby Towns Made the Eagle Scream.

MT. JEWETT DEFEATS SMETHPORT.

Smethport H. S. Trims Port Allegany H. S.—Great Day and Good Times Everywhere—Two Men Were Injured at Hazelhurst.

Smethport did not celebrate our Nation's Birthday this year, but instead sent large delegations to Port Allegany, Eldred, Olean and Hazelhurst to assist in their demonstrations. Those of our people who preferred a quiet day either stayed at home or went into the country and Frog Camp and Daly Brook Lodge were well filled with members of these clubs and their friends.

Port Allegany drew a large crowd and it is reported that everybody had a most delightful time. Among the features of the day were the ball games. In the morning the Port Allegany Juniors defeated the Sartwell team by a score of 6 to 5 in an interesting game. In the afternoon the Smethport High School team defeated the Port Allegany High School team by a score of 10 to 4. Up to the eighth inning the score was four to four when the county seat boys started the hit and run tactics and by some clever hunting and base running made six runs. Shelburne and Sillies were the battery for the visitors and Fleming and Mullin held the points for Port.

Eldred had a very good celebration and a fair sized crowd. The features of the day were the ball game between Smethport and Mt. Jewett and the balloon ascension. The game started off with Mt. Jewett at the bat and Fuller in the box for Smethport. Davis went out on a fly to Delo, then McCarty, Magee and Denning each made singles. Slack went out on a grounder to Servatius and Duffey lost it in the weeds in left field for a home run, netting four runs. There was nothing further doing in the run line until the fourth inning when Mt. Jewett made three more runs on a base on balls, two hits, Johnson getting hit, and two errors. At this point Fuller was taken out of the box and Delo went in, McClure taking his place in center field. In the fifth Magee opened with a three-bagger but was caught at the plate on player's choice of Denning's grounder. Denning however stole second and scored on Slack's single. This ended the run getting, although it took some clever work on both sides to keep the teams from scoring. Johnson, who did the pitching for Mt. Jewett had the Smethport players entirely at his mercy, holding them down to four scattered hits. Following is the tabulated score:

Mt. Jewett	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Davis, 3b	4	1	0	0	1	0
McCarty, ss	5	1	2	1	1	0
Magee, rf	5	1	2	1	0	0
Denning, lf	5	2	2	1	0	0
Slack, c	5	0	1	8	0	0
Duffey, 2b	4	1	2	2	4	2
Person, 1b	4	0	1	12	0	1
Oakes, cf	3	1	0	2	0	0
Johnson, p	3	1	0	1	4	0
Total	39	8	11	27	11	3

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Daniels, 2d	4	0	1	2	3	1
Tull, ss	3	0	2	0	2	1
Servatius, 1b	4	0	0	15	0	1
Riley, c	4	0	0	6	1	1
King, 3d	3	0	1	1	6	2
Estey, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Delo, cf-p	4	0	0	1	2	2
Brown, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
McClure, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Fuller, p	1	0	0	0	2	1
Total	32	0	4	25	16	8

By innings:

Mt. Jewett	4	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	0—8
Smethport	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Mt. Jewett 5.
Home run—Duffey.
Three base hit—Magee.
Two base hits—Daniels, Tull, Denning, Oakes.
Base on balls—off Fuller; 1, off Delo 1; off Johnson 2.
Struck out—by Johnson 8; by Fuller 1, by Delo 1.
Double play—King to Servatius.
Passed balls—Slack 1.
Hit by pitcher—by Fuller 1.
Time of game—Two hours.
Umpire—Bernard.

Hazelhurst reports a very good celebration and a big crowd. There were two serious accidents there yesterday—one from shooting fireworks and the other to a boy while hunting. An Italian boy named Potio, aged about 10 years, had his face and eyes badly burned while setting off fireworks. It is not thought that he will lose his eyesight, although his burns are serious.

Jules Dewey, aged about 14 years, received a bad wound in the chest from a bullet from a 22-calibre rifle while hunting frogs. He had shot a frog and laid the gun, which he had reloaded and cocked, down while he reached for the frog. In some way the gun was discharged, the bullet entering his breast. The boy was sent to the Kane hospital last night for treatment. The local physicians did not probe for the bullet but did not consider his wound fatal.

Notice.

If anyone who has not received the money for their premiums awarded last year will notify W. A. Audorfer the same will be sent them.

McKEAN COUNTY FAIR ASS'N.

Do you want a good lawn swing? We are closing out our line at cost. They are O. K. Price $6.00. Holmes & Gillette.

Demonstration for Mr. Emery.

The citizens of Bradford and McKean county generally held a demonstration in honor of Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., the fusion nominee for governor, Tuesday evening. They formed in front of the city hall and marched to the Emery residence on Congress street. Of the affair, the Bradford Era in part says:

The crowds in front of the Emery residence were very large, thousands of people being in evidence when that locality was reached.

On the spacious veranda of the large building Mayor Winger and others took their places. The mayor, acting as chairman, called the meeting to order, stated its object briefly and introduced Attorney Eugene Mullin. Mr. Mullin delivered a very entertaining and spirited address, which evoked much applause. Hon. J. W. Lee of Pittsburg, was the next speaker. He paid an eloquent tribute to the candidate for governor and called attention to his work in the State Legislature and elsewhere in behalf of what he deemed to be the right. Attorney E. R. Mayo of Smethport, was then called upon and he congratulated the people and the candidate upon the action taken at the Lincoln party and Democratic conventions. His remarks were very well received. Attorney R. B. Stone was also called upon for remarks and as a neighbor and fellow citizen paid tribute to the nominee for governor. Hon. George E. Mapes of Philadelphia, secretary of the Lincoln party organization, was also a speaker and extolled Senator Emery as a man of the people who deserved the honor conferred upon him.

In a characteristic manner Senator Emery, when called upon, greeted his friends in a speech which greatly pleased the people. He made reference to the present trend of political opinion in this and other states and congratulated his hearers on the fact that a general desire prevailed for improved conditions. President Roosevelt, he said, is largely to be thanked for the awakening of the people. Graft and dishonesty in public affairs were being exposed and remedied; laws were being enforced alike among rich and poor. "God bless our President," said the speaker. "We have shown what our great state can do by giving him 505,000 votes." Mr. Emery said that he had been selected as candidate for governor contrary to his personal wishes and could not understand why he should be forced into the service at his age—66 years. However, in conclusion he pledged himself, if elected, to serve all the people to the best of his ability. With hand uplifted he exclaimed: "If I am elected governor I swear to Almighty God that interests of rich and poor, regardless of condition, alike shall be protected." The people were invited by the speaker to enter his home in welcome and he was given a genuine ovation by the assemblage at the conclusion of his remarks. He was congratulated by many friends and given assurances of support.

The affair throughout was a successful one and gave evidence that much local pride is felt in the fact that a citizen of Bradford has been selected as the standard bearer for two political parties in the coming state campaign.

Two Boys Drowned.

A Richburg correspondent sends in the following: Harry, the fourteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Francisco, and Roscoe, the twelve year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Walker, were drowned near South Bolivar last Friday afternoon. Their bodies were not recovered until early Saturday morning. The boys had gone over to fish in Honeoye creek and were at a place the water had washed out a deep hole. As the boys were alone it is impossible to tell how the fatality happened, but when the bodies were found the Francisco boy was clinging to his fish pole while the Walker boy's hat and coat and fish pole lay upon the bank, and it is supposed that he lost his life trying to rescue his companion. Both families reside between Allentown and Bolivar. A double funeral was held at the M. E. church at Allentown Monday. The Francisco boy was buried at Solo and the Walker boy at Allentown.

Two Young Men in Jail.

Fred Van Sickles and Hector Dundeen, residents of Liberty township, were arrested by Game and Fish Warden A. G. Farley for using dynamite to catch fish. The depredations were committed in the stream known as Skinner Creek, in this county. The men were brought to Smethport and a hearing was had before Justice B. L. Knapp on Tuesday. After listening to the testimony of several witnesses the justice fined them each $100 and costs and six months in the county jail, where they are now languishing. The use of dynamite in the streams in this county has been small of late years, possibly because of the heavy penalty, and well it is so for the havoc done by this means is fearful.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. H. W. Young, Smethport, Pa.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

William Whitner of Waterloo, Iowa, and Miss Lillian Stevens of Ceres, Pa., were married at the latter place October 28th. Miss Stevens is a sister of Mrs. Will Peck, wife of Will F. Peck, business manager of the MINER. They have our best wishes for a prosperous voyage through life with all the attendant blessings that are due to good people.

Tuesday, October 31, 1882, all that was mortal of William R. Taylor was laid in the grave. It is always painful to record the death of one with whom we had been acquainted and mingled in business and social relations, but it becomes doubly so when a life which might have been one of usefulness and enjoyment has been put out by or through one's own mistakes, misfortunes or misdeeds.

William R. Taylor was born and brought up in our midst, of respectable family, and was himself a hard working honest boy, carrying with him into his manhood years the same characteristics. He had learned, and for some years followed the trade of a blacksmith, and it was always said that he was a good workman. Some eight years or more ago he married Carrie, a daughter of Samuel Provin, the present postmaster at East Valley, this county, and as time went by two children—little girls, now some five and seven years old perhaps, were sent to them and all seemed pleasant and looked prosperous. But it was not so. Several times the wife left him and went to her father's house, complaining of her treatment and the conduct of her husband. One day last week for some reason she left the house, taking with her their little girls, and this it seems so weighed on the mind of Taylor that he gave over the battle of life and determined to end it. Last Sunday morning, about nine o'clock, he said to James Moses, who had slept with him the night before, to come back to the house as soon as he got his breakfast as he wished to talk to him. When Moses returned he heard groans in Taylor's room, and going in found him lying on his bed with a pistol ball hole through his head, from the right temple to the opposite end. The man was of course unconscious and died in about half an hour. The remains were interred in the cemetery in this place, Elder Rose officiating at the funeral.

Joe Enstace was employed and went to work on Monday, October 30, 1882, on the passenger train on the Clermont branch of the B., N. Y. & P. R. R. with of course all the hopes of promotion that animate every brakeman who goes on the railroad. But Joe's hopes were suddenly dashed to the ground when in coupling up the train at Larabee his finger got between the drawheads and was crushed to a pulp. He took the painful accident very coolly, however, and when the train arrived at Smethport he went to Callar's drug store and Dr. Freeman gave the wound the attention it needed and hopes to save the greater portion of the injured finger, which is the middle one on the left hand.

We are advised by a letter dated the 21st ult., of the marriage of Burdette S. Hoag to Miss Libbie E. Dorr, which event took place at Wilcox Thursday, November 16, 1882.

Mr. Hoag is a printer and formerly held a situation of responsibility on the MINER force, where all his duties were discharged to the entire satisfaction of the management. He is a worthy young man, has married an equally worthy woman, and we shall hope to see their future as pleasant and profitable as their past lives have been upright and commendable.

The friends of the happy twain remembered them on their wedding day as a large lot of elegant presents attest.

It becomes our painful duty to record the death of Mrs. Octavia Caroline Howard, wife of Hon. W. S. Brownell, who passed peacefully away from her earthly friends at 2 p. m. Tuesday, November 21, 1882. The immediate cause of Mrs. Brownell's death was hemorrhage of the lungs, although for a long time past it was known to her friends that that dread disease, consumption, was slowly but surely bearing her away from them.

Mrs. Brownell was born October 18, 1822, in Adams, Jefferson county, N. Y., and with her parents first came to McKean county in April, 1837. On the 23d day of August, 1852, she married Hon. Wm. S. Brownell, who survives to mourn his irreparable loss. To them were born the three children they together have reared, George R., Fred W. and Addie Octavia, who deplore to-day the loss of the warmest friend a child can ever know—a mother.

If "when the good die all are bereft" surely the announcement of the death of Mrs. Brownell must bring sorrow to the hearts of all who knew her, as her life, although some of the later years of it were filled with affliction, was made up of kindness and good deeds, although not identified with any particular religious denomination her life bore daily testimony that she was an earnest follower in the footsteps of Him who said, Come unto Me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Good Fish Story.

C. D. Allen, a well-known hardware man of Grand Valley, has a well founded belief that there is nothing in the fish, flesh or fowl line that is as intelligent as a brook trout. Some time ago he caught three trout in a stream near this place. One of these was a foot long and was alive when Mr. Allen reached home. It was too fine a specimen to kill and eat and he put it in a tank of water in his ware house. Mr. Allen made it a daily custom to catch flies and feed the fish and inside of ten days the fish showed that it recognized the man and would come to be fed each time he approached the tank. Then Mr. Allen took the fish out of the tank and deposited it in a hole in the small stream that winds through the town. Two days later Mr. Allen went to the hole and as soon as he put in an appearance the fish came to the surface of the water and showed evidence that it recognized him and was waiting for its feast of flies. Others who have tried to get a sight of the big fish have been unable to do so, as it sulks in the bottom of the deep pool, but rises readily when Mr. Allen visits the spot.—Oil City Derrick. Mr. H. M. Choate of this borough has a number of brook trout in the artificial pond on his premises on King street that have been fed so many times by the members of the family that they come to the top of the water to be fed when a member approaches.

A Unique Wedding.

Mr. Albert Brown, commonly known as "Al" Brown from Andover, fell in love with a Pennsylvania girl. He wanted to take her to New York State as his bride but did not like the Pennsylvania license system. She wanted her pastor to perform the ceremony. In order to overcome these difficulties and to accede to the wishes of the bride-to-be, they conceived a unique plan for the marriage. They left Galeton, Pa., on the B. & S. train accompanied by Rev. P. H. Hershey, pastor of the Presbyterian church and Mrs. Hershey, at 6:30 in the morning. Through the courtesy of the B. & S. Ry. and their popular conductor, Harry Jacobs, the observation apartment was reserved for the bridal party. At 7:47 as the train was speeding along between Shongo and Mapes, well into York state, the ceremony was performed and the words spoken that made Mr. Albert Brown and Mrs. Anna Boyd Vangesbeck man and wife.

A coincidence of the happy affair is that each of the contracting parties have been married twice. So they are on an even basis in the matrimonial experience No. 3.—Wellsville Reporter.

Boy's Life Crushed Out.

Clarence, the 6-year-old son of A. L. Stover of Duke Centre, was killed by being run over by a heavy wagon in that place Saturday evening. The lad and another boy, his uncle who is aged but 15 years, were out on their bicycles and were about to pass a heavily laden wagon which they met on the highway. The two bicycles in some manner collided and Clarence was hurled to the ground under the wheels of the passing vehicle. The driver was unable to stop in time to avert a fatality and one of the big wheels rolled over the child's chest near the neck.

The injured boy was taken to a house nearby and medical assistance was quickly summoned. Nothing could be done that would prolong the little fellow's life. In a few minutes he expired. —Monday's Era.

Love Will Find a Way.

William E. Murphy, a railway mail clerk, living at Kane, Pa., and a prominent member of the "Intentional Nine," an unique organization of Wilmington, Del., where he formerly resided, violated the purposes of the society by marrying without sanction. The bride is Miss Florence Teresa O'Rourke of Kane. The ceremony was performed last week. At each annual dinner of the "Intentional Nine" a member is drawn by lot who can wed during the ensuing year. Murphy was not chosen at the last function but despite this he wedded. As a result he must entertain the "Nine" at a banquet, and forfeit his membership. Had he been selected to marry, the organization would have furnished his home and paid all expenses of the wedding.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 30, 1906:

Merlo Bernardo, Frank Bisky, Miss Leah V. Bishop (2), Mrs. Clara Gray, Henry Hanley, Mrs. John Hess, Miss Grace Peasley, Mrs. Anna Robbins, E. J. Spencer, Andrew Walker.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Whitcole, the great shoe, glove and clothing cleaner at Fry & Comes and J. Colegrove's.

As the People See Him.

President Roosevelt has occupied the front of the stage during two of the most eventful years of our political history. He has been the focus of untold millions of eyes, the center of every domestic storm of controversy. On this account he is the subject of a considerable amount of hostile criticism. On this account, also, he has endeared himself to the people of all classes and conditions throughout the country. Later on we may see how the criticism of the disaffected few will figure as against the affection and the confidence of the great multitude of his fellow citizens.

Meanwhile, it is not at all difficult to identify the causes of Mr. Roosevelt's wonderful popularity with the masses. They see in him the protector of the weak, the champion of the defenceless, a fearless herald of reform. He impresses them as an unselfish and indomitable advocate of their rights, their welfare, their manhood and their dignity. The constant activity, the unrelenting insistence, and the imperious force with which he compels attention and rivets public interest and solicitude no doubt offend, perhaps exasperate, in certain quarters; but the great body of the American people feel that he is their friend, and they requite him with a fervent faith and gratitude. They thrill responsive to his boldness, his impulsive unconventionality, his almost boyish vigor and enthusiasm. He presents to them a spectacle of captivating dash and brilliancy, of romantic devotion to high ideals, of a courage without calculation, and an energy consecrated to unselfish ends. Above all, there is the engaging figure of a president speaking frankly for the people, ignoring precedents, and going straight to the mark he has set before him without thought of consequences to himself. No one can deny that it is a novel and inspiring apothesis. None need wonder that it captures the popular imagination.

Of the argument employed to his discredit with special emphasis and frequency—the argument that he is doing all these things for the purpose of securing another term as president—it is difficult to speak with patience. He has attacked monopoly and the tyrannies that flourish in its shadows. Instead of plotting for party favor, he has conspicuously repudiated and defied it.

Maybe Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is the shrewd, self-seeking, heartless aspirant his enemies would have us believe, maybe he is working for another nomination and another term. But, if so, he is master of a finesse of which Machiavelli, Borgia, Talleyrand, Metternich Cavour, Disraeli never dreamed in their most inspired moments. He must be more or less than human, instead of the hearty, impetuous, uncalculating good fellow the American people think he is. —Washington Post.

Godino May Not Hang.

Attorney "Tom" Morrison, one of the ablest young members of the McKean county bar, was over from Smethport yesterday, says Wednesday's Bradford Era. He was one of the lawyers appointed by the court to defend Godino, the man recently convicted of murder in the first degree, and who is now awaiting execution in the county prison. Mr. Morrison says that an effort will be made to have Godino's case considered by the State Board of Pardons. Considerable sentiment has been developed in Godino's behalf, the popular belief being that if any one of the quartet implicated in the Coryville tragedy is guilty of murder in the first degree, all are. Two have been sent to the penitentiary for murder in the second degree and another is yet to be tried. It is claimed by those who have watched the case closely that Godino should fare as the others have, and be sent to prison rather than to the gallows.

The Right Kind of Girls.

Diplomas certifying that the recipients are qualified to "keep house" for husbands receiving $10 a week were given last Thursday to several young women at Chicago Commons.

The graduates, all of whom are to be married soon, were members of a class in economical housekeeping and cooking.

The graduates offered these in the form of exhibits of breakfasts, luncheons and dinners that were attractive, had cost little and were palatable. Each dish bore a card indicating its cost.

A breakfast was shown that cost 19 cents and would suffice for four persons. Dinners were somewhat more expensive, one consisting of meat, two vegetables, a salad and a pudding for four being rated at 40 cents.

$76.50 to California and Return

Via Nickle Plate Road. Tickets from Buffalo to Los Angeles or San Francisco and return on sale daily June 24th to July 6th, inclusive. First class and good returning until September 15th. Liberal stopover privileges. For full particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y

Wanted, at Palmer's Livery.

Competent barn man, accustomed to livery work. No "booser" or cigarette fiend need apply. A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa.

Valuable Horse Shot.

A valuable horse belonging to Albert Peterson, a farmer who lives on the Marvin creek road near the County Home, was shot in the leg by a stray rifle bullet last Saturday. The supposition is that some person who was hunting for woodchucks, a favorite pastime with some, shot wild and the bullet hit the horse, which was grazing in a pasture. Upon examination a bone of the leg was found to be broken and it was deemed advisable to shoot the animal and end its suffering. It is a heavy loss to Mr. Anderson and one that he can ill afford to bear.

There is no reason why such accidents should occur and this should be another warning to hunters to use more care when in the woods. There are many—far too many—accidents as the result of reckless shooting. This time it was a poor dumb beast but it might just as easily have been a person. Such things have happened. Again we say: "Stop, look and listen."

Picking a Way Across a Mountain.

Picking a way a good run. You must first scout ahead in general. Then you determine more carefully just where each hoof is to fall. For instance, it is a question of whether you are to go above or below a certain ledge. You decide on going below because thus you will dodge a little climb and also a rather slippery looking rock slide. But on investigation you find, hidden by the bushes, a rivenbowlder. There is no way around it. So then retrace your steps to the place where you made your first choice. The upper road again offers you an alternative. You select once it turns out well; fork again. But you discover both these forks utterly impracticable. So back you must hike to the very beginning to discover, if you can, perhaps a third and heretofore unconsidered chance. Then, if none are good, you must cast in review the features of all your little explorations in order to determine which best lends itself to expedients. This consumes time, but it is great fun. —Outing Magazine.

Milk Fed Kid.

"This is milk fed kid," said the leather merchant. "It is very soft and flat and pliable, isn't it?"

He smoothed the delicate white skin and went on:

"All first rate kid is milk fed. It comes to us from the French mountaineers. These men are superb goatherds. Their immense flocks supply the world's kid gloves. The goatherds of France are careful to keep their kids on an exclusive milk diet. They pen the little animals with their mothers in rocky inclosures, where there is no grass. At that the kids often escape, often manage to eat solid food, for, with almost human perversity, kids that should be weaned wean themselves early, whereas calves that should be weaned cling like grim death to milk. One meal of grass will spoil a kid's skin will take it of its softness and pliability, will harden and coarsen and stiffen it. Hence, when you buy kid gloves always choose the milk fed kind."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

The Name Tuxedo.

The Tuxedo Park Association, the fashionable country club of Tuxedo, is the original home of the place. Buck Cedar. Lots of the old trees still call it Buck Cedar. George Gould, one of the original settlers of the country, named the place. The lake was then much smaller than it is now and was simply known as the big pond. One day old Tikahoch and his sons had gone there to shoot game. The ducks were very plentiful; numerous cedar trees were growing out of the rocks along the shore.

"Let us give this place a name," said the old man. "Let us call it Buck Cedar."

So Buck Cedar it was and continued to be for many years until the name was changed to Tuxedo.

Mark Twain on Advertising.

Mark Twain in the midst of a panegyric on advertising told a remarkable story.

"There was a man," he said, "back town way who was so pleased with an advertisement in the local paper that he wrote the following testimonial letter to the editor:

"Mr. Editor: Sir—After selling all I could, giving barrels away, stuffing my hogs till they would eat no more, I still had last fall about 200 tons of big, juicy, fine flavored apples left on my hands. I inserted in your valuable paper an ad. that I was willing to send free a barrel of picked fruit, freight paid in advance by me, to any one who would apply, there being, of course, no charge for the barrel. You will hardly credit it, but that little forty cent ad. cleared out my whole stock of apples, and I could have disposed of five times the quantity on the same terms."

Drinking of Healths.

The drinking of healths in wine or liquor or other kinds originated in Britain at the time of the rule of the Danes, before Alfred the Great finally succeeded in driving them from the land. Owing to the assassination of Englishmen by the Danes, it became a custom to enter into compacts for the mutual preservation of health and security. These compacts were usually pledged in wine, and hence the custom of drinking healths.

For Sale.

Forty acres nice, smooth meadow. Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOE NG.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Whose Say-so is Best?

With nearly all medicines put up for sale through druggists, one has to take the maker's say-so alone as to their curative value. Of course such testimony is not that of a disinterested party and accordingly is not to be given the same credit as if written from disinterested motives. Dr. Pierce's medicines, however, form a single and therefore striking exception to this rule. Their claims to the confidence of invalids does not rest solely upon their makers' say-so or praise. Their ingredients are matters of public knowledge, being printed on each separate bottle wrapper. Thus invalid sufferers are taken into Dr. Pierce's full confidence. Scores of leading medical men have written enough to fill volumes in praise of the curative value of the several ingredients entering into these well-known medicines.

Amongst these writers we find such medical lights as Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennet Medical College, Chicago; Prof. Hale, of the same city; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, Ohio; Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. Grover Coe, of New York; Dr. Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, of Pa., and scores of others equally eminent.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the worst cases of female weakness, prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion and corrects irregularities, cures painful periods, dries up disagreeable and weakening drains, sometimes known as pelvic catarrh and a multitude of other diseases peculiar to women. Bear in mind, it is not a patent nor even a secret medicine, but the "Favorite Prescription" of a regularly educated physician, of large experience in the cure of women's peculiar ailments, who frankly and confidently takes his patients into his full confidence by telling them just what his "Prescription" is composed of. Of no other medicine put up for woman's special maladies and sold through druggists, can it be said that the maker is not afraid to deal thus frankly, openly and honorably, by letting every patient using the same know exactly what she is taking.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

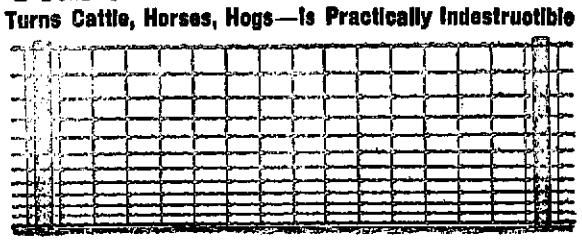
How to preserve health and beauty is told in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is *free*. For a paper-covered copy send Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailing *only*; in cloth binding 31 stamps.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

THE BIG STORE.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—is Practically Indestructible



AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

Also Barb and Smooth Fence Wire, Staples and Nails, Plows Harrows and Cultivators, Garden Tools, Garden Seeds, Paints, Oils and Varnish.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 5, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Smethport Hose Company received an invitation to attend firemen's parade at Angelica yesterday.

—The old-fashioned custom of skipping an issue during the week of the Fourth of July is being observed by a few of our exchanges this week.

—The branch millinery store which has been operated in this borough by Orr & Parsons of Bradford was closed this week and the stock removed to Bradford.

—Willie Transue, a 16-year-old boy of Kushequa, had the misfortune to lose two fingers on his right hand last Friday while operating a jointing machine at the Kushequa Clothes Pin factory.

—The postoffice department has ruled that mail must be looked over before taken from the postoffice, and that any letter put in your box by mistake must not be taken from the office under a penalty of $300.

—The St. Marys baseball management is having troubles of its own. The team from that place is playing good ball but not to good crowds and therefore the members, like the Smethport players, have to reach into their pockets and make up the deficit.

—Scott McClure of Smethport is spending a few days with F. E. Baldwin and wife. Scott came over to give the attorney a few pointers on side hill farming, and without casting any reflections on Mr. Baldwin, we must say Scott has made an improvement on the farm.—Austin Autograph.

—The grade of cigars sold in Coudersport are bad if the following from the Austin Autograph is a criterion: A. M. Sechrist of Coudersport is credited with having chewed and smoked $7,000 worth of tobacco during his life, and he is only 77 years of age. Of the ordinary Coudersport cigar that ought to purchase enough to build a rail fence around the globe.

—Here is something worth many dollars for every farmer to know: Sprinkle lime in your stock tank and not a particle of scum will form on the water. When the lime loses its strength scum will form which may be twice during the season, wash out the tank and repeat the dose. It is cheap and harmless, wholesome; keeps the water sweet and saves the stock.—Ex.

When You Write Abroad.

In writing to France or Italy, a postmaster pointed out the other day, the address should be printed, for the printed characters of French, Italian and English are alike, but of the written ones this is not true. The capital letter T, for instance, is written in French and Italy like F. The top stroke is made as with us, but the down stroke comes to the right instead of to the left. Our C is taken for I and G, our C is taken for L and so on. It is important therefore to print names or to write very plainly on foreign letters. A letter addressed in writing to Mr. Treat, a man named Treat would be thought by the French and Italians to be addressed to Irent, and in the general delivery department of the postoffice it would be placed in the I instead of in the T compartment. Thus when Mr. Treat called for his mail a search of compartment T would reveal nothing for him, and his letter, hidden among the I's, would never be delivered.

Thumbs and Temper.

"By her thumb ye shall know her" is a guide to the young man who contemplates matrimony and yet is doubtful how the chains of wedlock will sit on the girl of his heart. Delightful a companion as she is before marriage, will she turn out a termagant? He can learn readily, say the modern ages, and by the folding of her thumbs. He should take her to church and watch her closely. When she crosses her hands piously he should note if she folds her right thumb over her left, or vice versa. If the left goes over the right she has a dominating mind, and he will be walking a chalk line when he's hers. If the right goes over the left she will be a docile, uncomplaining mate who acknowledges the superiority of the masculine mind.—New York Press.

If He Had $10,000,000.

Rogers once walked into the hut of Ned Haskins, who lived the life of a semihermit in a but eight feet square close to Fort Phenix in Fairhaven, Mass., where Mr. Rogers' summer house stands now.

"Ned, what would you do if you had $10,000,000?" asked Rogers.

"By jings," said the hermit after long cogitation, "I'd have this hut built two feet larger."—R. H. Murray's "Henry H. Rogers" in Human Life.

The Golden Magnet.

"A pretty girl, even if she is poor, can have all the attention she wants, can't she?"

"Yes. There is only one that can beat her."

"Who's that?"

"A homely girl with the coin."—Detroit Free Press.

Love's Young Dream.

She was waiting for him at the door when he returned home from business, and he clasped her in his arms. The honeymoon was over, and they had been just three weeks in their new flat. Her delicious dinners had not yet proved all that he had hoped for, but he was good natured about it because their servant was little more than a girl. The bride was looking after the cooking herself.

"Oh, Dick," she said as she took his hat, coat and bundle of newspapers, "I've had such a delightful day! Florence has been here, and she was delighted with our cozy corner, as she called it. Then we went out shopping together, and I've the loveliest"—

"Yes, yes, dear," he said, "but you can tell me all about it at dinner. I'm a little hungrier than usual tonight, and—why, what's the matter?"

"Dick," she tremblingly said, "I've"—

"There, never mind, dear, if you have spent a little more money than you should have done. We'll make it up somehow."

"But, Dick, I've let the girl out for the evening, and"—

"Oh, never mind the girl. We'll wait on ourselves, and I'll help you to wash the dishes. There now."

"But, Dick, dear, I've been so busy I've forgotten the dinner."—London Tit-Bits.

He Read the Signs.

One morning two young women entered the Saltville grocery and after some discussion bought a pound of dates, two pounds of ginger snaps and two pounds of crackers.

"Stopping at Miss Gray's?" inquired the clerk as he tied up the bundles.

"Yes," said one of the young women, with evident surprise.

"Came about yesterday forenoon?" said the clerk.

"How did you know?" asked the other young woman curiously.

"I'm—well, I can most generally tell," said the clerk without glancing at the objects of his mind reading as he twitched a knot in the string. "You see, it's pretty drizzly and muddy today, and I knew there wouldn't anybody's boarders but Miss Gray's feel the need of coming out here such weather, and long as you didn't come till [illegible] I knew for sure you couldn't [illegible]."—Youth's [illegible]

[illegible] Forty.

[illegible] the city of Berlin, [illegible] of the car [illegible] one of today is a network of railroads and telegraph wires. Modern hotels with elevators and bell boys now occupy sacred places of history. Cities stand where once the hosts of Israel fought, contending with camels and horseless. The awkward camel-hack is now granted by the compartment car. One would look in vain for the hospitable villager standing at the door of his humble flat roofed home. Tall, slanting roofed buildings predominate, with fresh red tiles imported from France. In a prominent place on the brow of a hill stands the English orphanage, which provides for the education of the orphans of Palestine. English and Arabic are taught here as well as housekeeping and needlework. A telegraph station, with an Armenian operator in citizen's dress, keeps Nazareth in touch with the world.

Quieted the Barber.

A distinguished senator from the northwest strolled into the barber shop in the senate wing one day for a shave. The chairs were all occupied. The statesman, seeing this, started to go out, with the idea of returning a little later, but the head barber of the tonsorial parlor sought to detain the senator. He called after him in a rather strident tone:

"You're the next, senator!"

The northwestern senator wheeled about, assuming a sad smile, placed a hand over his fast pulsating heart as though the throbbing there pained him and said to the head barber.

"Be good enough not to remind me of that any oftener than you can help. I understand fully that I am cabbed, but permit me to enjoy what peace I may until the blow falls."

And the occupants of the chairs chuckled under their soapy masks.—American Spectator.

The Ostrich.

Instead of being a stupid bird the ostrich is one of the wisest and most wary. About the dwellings of white settlers, who have neither the time nor the inclination to disturb him, he becomes so tame that he unconcernedly mingles with the poultry and milk cows as if he, too, were domesticated. He is always fearful of men on horseback, but is not at all disturbed by the approach of people on foot unless they are followed by dogs. These he greatly fears. On the plains he often associates with the deer or the guanaco, and an alarm of any kind will send them rushing away together.

The Snipe's Bill.

The bill of the snipe is provided with a nerve running down to the tip and then distributing itself over the end of the beak. This is the only instance of this kind among birds and is a singular case of the care of nature in providing for her creatures. The snipe seeks for his prey in mud and water, where he cannot see, and it is believed that the nerve advises him of the presence of food when his eyes give him no information.

Wisdom.

Wisdom never opens her doors to those who are not willing to pay the price of admission. There are no bargains at her counters, no short cuts to her goal. "Pay the price or leave the goods" is her motto.—Success Magazine.

Wanted Action.

Bobby—Mother, can I go out and play with the Jones boy? Mother—No; he doesn't go to church! Bobby—Well, can I go out and punch him in the nose for not going to church?—Boston Post.

Blessed are the missionaries of cheer [illegible].—Child.

Too Rainy For a Wedding.

In Sutton a generation ago lived a man named Marsh. He decided after due consideration to marry a young lady in an adjoining town. The day was set, preparations were made for the wedding and the guests were assembled. The appointed hour arrived, and the bridegroom did not appear. Another hour of waiting, and still he tarried. The young lady's father became impatient. "I'm going to hunt him up" he said. A half hour's drive brought him to the Marsh home.

"Where is Frank?" he demanded.

"He went down cellar to pick over some potatoes, seeing it's so rainy," was the response.

"What do you mean by not coming to the wedding?" demanded the irate prospective father-in-law of the tardy bridegroom.

"It rains so hard I thought you wouldn't have the wedding," Marsh replied, "but I'll fix up and ride back with you, seeing everybody's there."—Boston Herald.

Haeckel Visiting Darwin.

When the carriage drew up before Darwin's house, with its ivy and shad wy glass, the great scientist stepped out of the shade of the creeper covered porch to meet me. He had a tall and venerable appearance, with the broad shoulders of an Atlas that bore a world of thought; a Jove-like fore head as we see in Goethe, with a lofty and broad vault deeply furrowed by the clear of intellectual work. The tender and friendly eyes were overshadowed by the great roof of the prominent brows. The gentle mouth was framed in a long silvery white beard. The noble expression of the whole face, the easy and soft voice, the slow and careful pronunciation, the natural and simple tenor of his conversation, took my heart by storm in the first hour that we talked together. Just as his great work had taken my intelligence by storm at the first reading, I seemed to have before me a venerable sage of ancient Greece, a Socrates or an Aristotle.—Described by Haeckel.

Her Weak Point.

The dream of suffrage had been realized. There were female police. After a desperate struggle one of the brave lady cops had arrested two porch climbers single handed.

"Don't dare to resist!" she hissed. "If you do I shall shoot!"

There was an ominous click.

"Don't shoot, lady!" said one of the porch climbers suavely. "We won't resist. But I just wanted to tell yer dat during de row yer hair got tousled, an' yer hat ain't on straight."

The lady cop flushed with embarrassment.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "Where can I find a mirror? I could never [illegible] of going along the street like [illegible] it here until I return."

The porch climbers slipped off in [illegible], while the lady cop went to find a mirror.—Chicago News.

A Snake That Swallows Eggs.

The hydrael yeti is a native of South Africa, and, taken all around, he is a curiosity in the reptile line. Unlike the regulation snake, he has no teeth in his mouth, but has a full set of grinders in his stomach. These dental wonders grow from the center of each vertebra. They pass through the walls of the stomach, and are each crowned with enamel. Hydrael is the champion egg sucker, and the teeth in the stomach appear to be nature's provision for breaking the shell of the egg without running the risk of losing the precious contents. When the egg lands in the stomach and the serpent's instinct tells it that everything is all right, the abdominal walls contract, and the egg is crushed against the long row of vertebral teeth.

State Flags.

Most of our states have flags, some of them very peculiar ones. These are carried as the state colors of the militia regiments. Our own is too familiar to need description. "The white standard of Massachusetts" has been seen in the forefront of many battles. New York displays a buff flag, and the state banner of Maryland bears on a ground of blazing yellow the arms and motto of the Calverts. The heraldic design is so disposed as to give Maryland's flag, seen at a distance, somewhat the semblance of a gorgeous crazy quilt, although we suppose to the Marylanders it is more suggestive of the picturesqueness of a royal standard.—Boston Transcript.

So Far Off.

"My sympathies," says a writer in the Boston Transcript, "were always with an old lady who lived way down in the Maine woods. One day a sportsman came to the door of her little cabin to ask for a glass of milk. As he drank the refreshing beverage they exchanged confidences. When in response to her inquiry he told her that he came from New York city she commiserated with him, saying, 'Laws, sir, it must be hard for you living so fur off!'"

A Joyous Sight.

The master plumber had become rich and was going abroad for his health. On the voyage a school of whales was sighted, and the plumber was seen to rub his hands in ecstasies.

"Why is he so happy?" asked a curious passenger.

"He can't help it," whispered the captain. "He imagines each spout is a burst water pipe to be repaired by him at his old rates."—London Telegraph.

Squelched Again.

"Mrs. Peck, I have stood your bully-ragging just as long as I propose to do so. I shall proceed to give you a piece of my mind."

"A piece of your mind, Henry Peck? A piece of your mind! Talk about 'two bites of a cherry!'"—Chicago News.

The Eclipse of Art.

Playwright (to friend)—I'm going to the theater tonight. Friend—I thought you never went to see the first night's performance of your plays. Playwright—I'm not going to see the play. I am going to see how many people are there.

Prodigies of Politeness.

Before you went abroad you heard that the French people were much given to politeness. But perhaps you never heard about politeness in Switzerland. You are surprised as you wander about the villages or over country paths to have all the little boys lift their hats to you and say, "Guten morgen, mein herr," and to have all the little girls you meet greet you with a shy smile and a sweet voiced "Guten morgen."

Of course you lift your hat in return, and you think it a pretty custom until it begins to weary you to keep bowing and bowing and bowing to the children. The best part of the children's politeness, however, as you discover to be the case, lies in the fact that it is not prompted by hope of gain. In other parts of Europe many people have smiled and fawned upon you in anticipation of the bestowal of a coin. Probably the only country in Europe where there is a possibility that your tip may be refused is Switzerland. Of course tips are not always rejected there by any means, but sometimes you run across Swiss independents who politely decline your proffered money.—Chicago Post.

The Teacher's Joy.

Parent—How did you get along with your geography lesson today, Johnnie? Pupil—Beautifully. The teacher was so pleased that she made me stay after school and repeat it all over again, only just to her.

A FAMILY SAFEGUARD

Dr. Green [illegible] with the [illegible] to relieve [illegible] Throat and Lung Cure.

The best family safeguard is a reliable household medicine that will cure croup, coughs, colds, chilly sensations, running eyes and nose, sore throat and bronchial affections—that will keep the children proof against all contagious diseases.

Such a medicine is Boschee's German Syrup, which has a record of 35 years in the cure of consumption, catarrh and all lung and bronchial troubles.

The fame of German Syrup as a consumptive cure, since its purchase by Dr. Green from the niece of the famous Dr. Boschee, has extended to all parts of the earth. It has big sales everywhere.

Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

are often high[illegible] [illegible]factory. Ask a [illegible]anker why he charged us [illegible] prices for a botch job of plumbing [illegible]mb.

[illegible] [illegible]are us, or

Plumbing Work

is high grade, stands closest inspection and is as cheap as others. Material used, like our work is A1 Get us for spring plumbing and have it done right.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. [illegible] Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

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L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

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And then go to

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Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

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In a large assortment and can please all customers.

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The Olean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $3.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 5, 1906.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For Governor,
EDWIN E. STUART
of Philadelphia.

For Lieut. Governor,
ROBT. S. MURPHY
of Cambria county.

For Auditor General,
ROBERT K. YOUNG,

For Sec'y Internal Affairs,
HEFRY HOUCK,
of Lebanon.

COUNTY.

For Members of Assembly,
JAS. A. McKEAN
of Smethport.
C. V. MERRICK,
of Bradford.

For Jury Commissioner,
A. M. MARSH.
of Bradford.

BOTH Houses of Congress adjourned last Saturday after a long and tedious session. Among the last work done by these bodies were the passing of the railroad rate bill and the omnibus public building bill.

WM. H. BERRY, the Prohibition nominee for Governor, has given out a statement in which he absolutely declines the nomination and advises his party to endorse Lewis Emery, Jr., the fusion candidate. Action has not been taken but it is likely that the party will adhere to Mr. Berry's wishes.

THE Republican Congressional conference for this district is being held in DuBois to-day. The district is composed of four counties and with the exception of McKean each has a candidate. They are: Clearfield, Attorney A. L. Cole; Cameron, C F Barclay; Centre, Judge A. R. Love. George Paton of Bradford, Joshua Davis of Kane and F. D. Gallup of Smethport are the conferees representing McKean county.

AN Associated Press dispatch of Tuesday says: Cholera of a virulent type has broken out among the natives of Manilla and surrounding provinces. Four Americans in Manila have been stricken to date, and one American has died. His name is Charles Sheehan. Twenty-one cases and sixteen deaths were reported to-day The provinces report twenty-six cases and twenty-five deaths. The disease is of the most deadly type.

MRS. JAMES TANNER, wife of Corporal James Tanner, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was killed in an automobile accident near Helena, Mont., last Friday afternoon. In company with Mr. Tanner, Mrs. Toole, wife of Gov. Toole, and Gen. Lester Wilson, she was riding along a narrow road and the chauffeur, in turning out to make room for a freight wagon, ran off an embankment and threw the occupants out. Mrs. Tanner died upon reaching the hospital. The other members of the party were not seriously hurt.

TWENTY-THREE persons, mostly American tourists, were killed and seven were injured in a railway wreck at Salisbury, England, eighty-three miles from London, early Sunday morning. The train was running at a high rate of speed through Salisbury and at a point just beyond the station and at a sharp curve the locomotive left the rails and crashed into a freight train. The engine mounted the girder of the railway bridge over Avon and turned turtle. There were three passenger coaches in the train. The first of these shot past the locomotive and crashed into the railway bridge and was smashed into splinters, portions of the wreck being hurled completely over the bridge. The second and third passenger cars were toppled over on the line and completely destroyed. The disaster, occurring at such an early hour, 2 o'clock, made the work of rescue exceedingly difficult, and many gruesome sights were beheld. The train was a special carrying forty-seven passengers who had debarked Saturday night from the steamer New York, from New York. It was one of the worst railroad fatalities that has ever occurred in England.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30, 1906.

Congress and the President are taking leave of each other in a much better frame of mind than could have been expected from their meeting last year. There has been a conflict of strong personalities and both sides have won their points to a certain degree while the public on the whole has been the gainer. The President managed to force legislation that he be-

serious doubt if Congress would stand. He has removed the postmasterships from the realm of federal patronage and thus done more than any other president ever dared to do to antagonize the individual members who looked on these officers as the last remnant of the fast disappearing currency with which to pay political debts.

He has forced through the rate bill, and while there may be some features of the measure that could be improved and doubtless will be improved in time, it is vastly in advance of no legislation at all, and that was what was looked for a fortnight before congress met. The Free Alcohol Bill has gone through, promising to help the farmers of the whole country and to help the country greatly against one form of fuel extortion. The Statehood Bill has been a compromise but has brought satisfaction and dignity to two commonwealths and would have brought it to four but for the unreasonable opposition to the measure in Congress. The Pure Food Bill is a law and meat inspection has been added where it was sorely needed and where the public did not even suspect that the need existed.

Altogether it has been a most notable congress and one that will necessarily go down in history as a monument to the forceful personality of the executive aside from the personal triumph of the Peace Conference and numerous other smaller matters, any one of which would have been enough to make an administration notable.

While one is looking over the retrospect, it is as well to take note of the remarkable series of national scandals and exposures, all of which, the exposures at least, were more or less due to the fearless initiative of the President. It was the most deplorable series of public scandals that a nation has ever suffered, but it was infinitely better that the evils should come out than they should eat at the national life in secret.

There were first of all the postal scandals. They were more than half suspected by those "in the know" before official attention was ever called to them. But when they were once brought to the attention of the President, the word was passed that they were to be ferreted out without fear or favor and this was done, resulting in more than a score of prosecutions and half as many jail sentences while the end of the legal proceedings is not yet. But the Department itself is cleansed and chastened as a department seldom has been before.

The crop report exposures followed with remarkable swiftness resulting in an entire reorganization of that branch of the Department of Agriculture. The awakening of the public conscience was helped by the insurance exposures in New York which, while not directly under federal supervision, were along the line of the same work. Then there were the inquiries into the beef combine by the Bureau of Corporations, resulting in the famous "immunity bath" farce and then the swifter and more remarkable exposures of the Neill-Reynolds report. Side by side with these were the investigations of the Bureau of Corporations and the Interstate Commerce Commission into combinations of the coal and oil carrying roads and these like the others will be followed by a series of prosecutions that have been outlined and that promise to be very effective in their execution.

It may be stated that the good results coming from these investigations and prosecutions are more indirect than direct. The mere knowledge that the law was on its track was enough to force the dissolution of the paper trust. The coal roads have already begun an internal overhauling on their own account now that they find the public knows how rotten were some of their conditions.

The suits against the tobacco trust have already resulted in some good to the industry at large and it may be taken for granted that no corporation managers are going to venture very far inside the penitentiary when they know that there is a watchful eye and a ready hand to shut the door on them if they trespass over the line.

The rumor on Friday that there was a possibility of Congress adjourning on Friday night, brought a crowd of visitors to the White House to say goodbye to the President before the cabinet meeting, and a special train was held in readiness at the depot to take him to Oyster Bay even if it were late at night before Congress finished up the session.

The President has earned a good vacation if ever an executive has and while there is not the urgent need of it that there would in the case of a man who was not about as delicate and fragile as a grizzly bear, Mr. Roosevelt himself will welcome the change and the chance to get once more to out-of-door life and to work off some of the flesh that has accumulated during the winter in Washington in spite of his constant tennis playing, walking and horseback riding. There will be an effort to keep just as much work from him as possible while he is at Sagamore Hill. But there is a certain amount of routine and special work that the President has to do even in summer, and the modest little executive office at Oyster Bay has been all fixed up in readiness for his coming and will in all probality see a considerable amount both of personal and public work done before the summer is over.

Attention Elks.

Only $67.35 from Buffalo to Denver and return via Nickel Plate Road. July 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo and return. Good returning up to August 20th. Choice of routes beyond Chicago. For particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

The Guillotine.

The machine employed in French public executions has the reputation of being the invention of Dr. Guillotin, but the machine was used long before the doctor had seen one. All he did was to publicly encourage a preference for this means of death as being painless, and in consequence some one, unhappily for the doctor's humanity, named the machine after him. The guillotine was really prepared by a German mechanic named Schmidt under the direction of Dr. Antonine Louis and hence at first was called a "louison" or "louisette."

And here it may not be out of place to mention the cognate error that Guillotin was its first victim. He nearly became a victim of the revolution, but he escaped, and after the ending of his political career he resumed his duties as a physician and became one of the founders of the Academy of Medicine in 1820. He died May 20, 1814, aged seventy-six, but the French revolution died its early years earlier. The first man executed by the guillotine was a highwayman, who died in 1792.

The Wrists.

In spite of the fact that doctors always take the pulse of a patient from the wrist few persons know what important parts of the body the wrists are and how much may be accomplished by treatment of them. When one has fainted water should be applied to the wrists as freely as to the face and temples. In cases of severe illness doctors frequently order the wrists to be bathed with milk and with beef tea. Athletes learn that the wrists must be kept cool in summer and warm in winter. You all know the relief experienced from removing a tight glove, especially when you are overheated. The relief comes not from the hands being uncovered, but from the wrists being unconfined and kept cool.

Wanted.

Every family having poultry to establish an agency at their home and sell a vermin powder. Sells for 25c per can. Our price $1 for 10 cans. No vermin on poultry or animals can live where used. Hot weather breeds lice and disease quickly. Hens stop laying and little chicks and turkeys die from the effects of vermin. Send $1 and get started. All orders shipped promptly. A boy or girl should sell 20 cans in a few hours, daily. Get your children started selling and teach them to do business. You can order in larger quantities, if desired at 10c per can. Vermin Powder Co., Box 566, Scranton, Pa.

Summer Sunday Excursions on P., S. & N. R. R.

Commencing Sunday June 24, 1906, tickets will be sold each Sunday until September 30, 1906, inclusive, from Smethport to Olean and Riverhurst at rate of $.75 for the round trip. Tickets limited to date of sale. Train leaves 8:12 a. m. Special low rates to all other points to which Sunday trains are scheduled. For further particulars see hand bills or inquire of agents. Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa. Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

For Sale.

Farm, 430 acres, situate about four miles west of the village of Friendship, N. Y., on the main travelled highway between the villages of Friendship and Cuba; well watered, young orchard consisting of apple, pear, plum and cherry; sufficient wood for farm and building purposes, sixty head of stock and some other personal property. Will sell cheap if taken at once. Only small payment required down. Address Lock Box 158, Friendship, N. Y.

Low Round Trip Rates to Colorado and the Pacific Coast via Nickel Plate Road. In arranging for your trip to Colorado, the Pacific Coast or any point in the West, Northwest or Southwest, do not overlook the extremely low rates, convenient through coach, sleeper and dining car service offered by the Nickel Plate Road in connection with any route you may choose beyond Chicago. For full information write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

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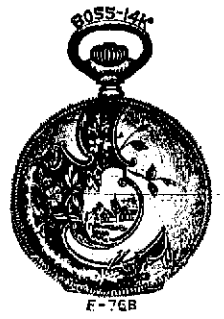

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H. C. WELLS

Hitting a House Boat

By CLAUDE FAMARES

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Harold Strong was a New York artist and had painted the portrait of Ruth Bascomb and fallen in love with her. Whether she returned his love or not was the thing he was worrying over. Harry Stevens was a New York sculptor, and he had desired to bring out a marble bust of Miss Bascomb and also had fallen in love with her. As to whether she would consent to be "sculped" and marry him was a matter that gave him headaches. Both the artist and the sculptor had sisters that were friendly with Ruth Bascomb, and this was the general situation for the playwright to build on.

The present situation was that Ruth Bascomb's mother, who was a fairly wealthy widow, had become possessed of a house boat and had determined to float around Princess bay and up the Shrewsbury river for a month or so. Her guests were to be the artist and his sister and the sculptor and his sister and two or three other persons.

A day was appointed, a tug engaged to tow the house boat down New York bay and leave her at her first anchorage, and all was going merrily when the villain hidden in the thicket showed his hand.

It always has been suspected that he was a villain belonging to the same club as the artist and sculptor. He became aware of the house boat party, and out of pure devilry and from no desire to see the sculptor get ahead of the game he worked his little trick. The day before the boat was to sail he fixed up a telegram calling Harold Strong to Philadelphia to see about painting the portrait of a millionaire.

The artist's return was indefinite. He knew that he was leaving a rival behind him, and he knew that the Colonial Dame, as the craft was called, would scarcely have come to anchor in the bay and the moon risen above the waters when that cheeky sculptor would be talking soft nonsense to Ruth Bascomb, but the artistic spirit was strong within him.

He arranged with his sister to interrupt if the sculptor tried to take advantage of the occasion. Feeling himself as secure as any man ever can feel where a woman is concerned, he departed on his mission, and the stately Colonial Dame also departed on hers.

Sometimes a millionaire can be found sitting on his front steps and smoking a fairly good cigar and waiting to be interviewed. Again he is as elusive as the midnight mosquito. The one the artist sought was elusive. It took a whole day to run him down, and when he was finally brought to bay his reply was:

"Young man, don't try any of your confidence games on me if you want to keep out of jail. I didn't telegraph you. I want no painting of any sort. I don't like the look of you. If you are honest, then some one has made a fool of you; if you are a confidence man, then try the first corner grocery."

Harold Strong had been bunkoed. It was only natural that he should believe the game had been played by his rival. He didn't wait to devour even a sandwich before catching a train for New York. For three hours he sat in a chair car and murdered the sculptor. He killed him in seven different ways and was planning the eighth when he arrived at a good sized town in Pennsylvania and was asked by the porter if he wished to stop there. He had got into a car that had been switched off at a junction on to another road while he was doing the murdering act.

It was noon when the artist reached New York. It was 2 o'clock before he began his hunt for some craft to take him down to Princess bay and lay him alongside the house boat. The sculptor had had one moonlight night in which to weave his net of romance around the victim, but he should not have another. The artist tried to charter all sorts of crafts, from an Albany day boat to a sand barge, but the afternoon wore away and night was coming on before he landed at the foot of Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn, and interviewed Captain Jinks of the Merry Sal.

"Can you charter me to find a house boat in Princess bay tonight?" repeated Captain Jinks as he bent his head to scratch the back of his neck. "Yes, sir, I reckon you can if you've got a twenty dollar bill about you. You've got a schooner right here which is not much to look at compared with some schooners, but if there is anything on land or water that she can't pick up I'd like to see it. That's her great hoist, young man—picking up things. There's goin' to be a fog tonight as sure's you live, but if I don't hit that house boat plumb center before midnight then I'll never sing gospel hymns off Cape Hatteras ag'in."

Harold Strong closed with the offer. The crew of the Merry Sal consisted of the captain and a lunkhead of a young man and a boy of ten who had run away from home and was trying a life on the billows. The captain looked upon the artist as a husband pursuing an eloping wife; the lunkhead looked upon him as an idiot for giving up $20 when the captain would have taken $10, and the runaway boy figured it out that he was some sort of grafter escaping from the police.

The opinion of the crew did not affect Mr. Strong, however. He helped to cast off the schooner and cant her head the right way and hoist the mainsail, and presently she was careering down the bay and avoiding as many statues of Liberty, men-of-war and Staten Island docks as she conveniently could. What she couldn't avoid she crawled over until she struck deep water on the other side. She struck the fog at Fort Hamilton, and then the anxious artist asked:

"Captain, isn't this going to make it difficult for us to find the house boat?"

"Not at all, my son—not at all," was the confident reply. "I told you we should have a fog, but that it would make no difference. The Merry Sal is a-sailin' of herself. She's a-follerin' of her own nose. I've told her that I want her to hit a house boat called the Colony Damned, and she'll do it or never look me in the face again."

"The Colonial Dame is the name of the boat," corrected the artist.

"Well, I got near enough to it for the schooner to understand what is wanted. You just enjoy yourself and don't worry. Lord, but I wish you really knowed what a nose this craft has got for smellin' out other boats and things! One night I was comin' around Sandy Hook in such darkness that I couldn't see my hand before my face. I didn't know whether the Hook was five rods or five miles off. I left it all to Sal, and what did she do? Why, she smelled her way along and went ashore so high and dry that I got off without wettin' my feet. Show me another craft that can do the trick. No, sir, you needn't worry one least bit. I'll bet that house boat inside of another hour is dancing to the wind helds."

Aboard the Colonial Dame all had gone well. She had been towed down to the bay and anchored. The sculptor felt that the game was in his hands and was determined to win. He counted on a moonlight night, rippling waters, wavelets softly tunking against the sides of the boat, poetry, sighs and the soft strain of music floating over the waters from some summer resort where sandwiches sold at 15 cents each. The fog came and blotted out the moonlight. It was too damp to sit on deck, and the artist's sister accompanied them down in the cabin, and his suit did not advance. At 10 o'clock the house boat rocked silently on the waters with all on board retired. At about that hour also the captain of the Merry Sal was saying to Harold Strong as they walked the quarterdeck together:

"Yes, sir, the Sal has got a nose on her, and there is really no use for me to carry a compass. I've told her to smell out that ere boat of yours, and she's a-doin' it. I'm reckonin' she'll hit it within fifteen minits. Why, I could turn in right now and feel that if that boat of yours is anywhere on Princess bay the Sal would hit her with it."

The Sal hit her. Whether she was guided by Providence, the lunkhead of a young man or by her nose may never be known, but as a matter of fact she suddenly crashed into the Colonial Dame and cut her down to the water's edge.

There were shouts and screams and yells of confusion. It seemed for a moment as if all on board the house boat must be drowned, but luck was with them. The tide had gone out and there were only three feet of water under her keel, the crew of the Sal were active on the bows of their craft, and the artist went overboard at the first crash and fished around until he found the right party and then saved her in a sopping, but uninjured state. He also magnanimously extended a saving hand to his rival and to his future mother-in-law, and as he piloted them to the sandy Jersey beach and counted heads to find all present and accounted for he was hailed from the departing schooner with:

"Well, good night, young man. I told you the Sal had a nose on her and would hit this 'ere house boat in the darkest night, and you see I am a mariner who speaks the truth. Good night all. Take the Merry Sal when you want a schooner with a smeller on her."

The Art of Begging.

The head waiter of a famous New York restaurant said the other day:

"A few nights ago, after having charge of a very large dinner, I started for home. My way led me through West Seventy-second street, where, late as it was, I saw a little girl only a few years old sitting on the lower step of a private stoop, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. I stopped to ask her what was the matter, and she told me that she had got lost uptown, that she knew where she lived—in Sixteenth street—and that if she only had car fare she could get back there. Being in a hurry, I gave her a quarter and started to pass on.

"The moment the kid got the coin she jumped up and ran away around the corner like lightning. I never before saw any one disappear so quickly. It dawned on me at once that I had been 'dead easy.' Of course she was simply a well trained little actress and had taken the quarter to her father or mother, who was in hiding near by. It's an outrageous shame that a little child should be trained up in that way."—New York Post.

Some Strange Customs.

A very interesting account is given of the strange customs of the Bedouins of the Sinai peninsula in Lord Cromer's report on Egypt and the Sudan. If a man kills another in time of peace the relatives of the murdered man, beginning from the father to the fifth generation, have the right to revenge or pardon against the receipt of "blood money." This latter is fixed at forty-one camels. If the murdered man was of the same tribe as the murderer the latter or his near relatives have to give a girl in marriage to one of the victim's relatives without receiving the usual dowry. When she gives birth to a child she is free to go back if she chooses. In the latter case the marriage must be renewed and the usual dowry paid. Five camels may be substituted for the girl.

BELLS IN CHURCHES.

FIRST USED BY PAULINUS, BISHOP OF NOLA, ABOUT 400.

The Early British Christians Used Wooden Rattles to Call the People Together For Worship—Bells and Thunder and Lightning.

Church bells are of ancient origin. The ancients had bells for both sacred and profane purposes. Strabo says that market time was announced by their sound and Pliny that the tomb of an ancient king of Tuscany was hung round with bells. The hour of bathing was made known in ancient Rome by the sound of a bell. The night watchman carried one, and it served to call up the servants in great houses. Sheep had them tied about their necks to frighten away wolves, or, rather, by way of amulet.

Paulinus, bishop of Nola, is generally considered the first person who introduced bells into ecclesiastical service about the year 400. Historians say that in 610 the bishop of Orleans, being at Sens, then in a state of siege, frightened away the besieging army by ringing St. Stephen's church bells, which is a clear proof that they were not at that time generally known in France. The first large bells are mentioned by Bede in the year 680. Before that period the early British Christians made use of wooden rattles to call the congregation of the faithful together. Hand bells probably first appeared at religious processions and were afterward used by the secular. The small bells were not always held in the hand. They were sometimes suspended upon a stake and struck with hammers.

The arrival of kings and great personages was anciently greeted by ringing the church bells. Ingulobus, abbot of Croyland, who died about 1109, speaks of them as being well known in his time and says that "the first abbot of Croyland gave six bells to that monastery—that is to say, two great ones, which he named Bartholomew and Beldine; two of a medium size, called Turketulian and Bettrine; two small ones, denominated Pega and Bega. He also caused the great bell to be made called Guthlac, which was tuned to the other bells so as to produce an admirable harmony, and to be equalled in England."

The bells used in the monasteries were sometimes rung with ropes having pieces of silver rings at the ends for the hand. They were anciently rung by the priests themselves, afterward by the servants and sometimes by those incapable of other duties, as persons who were blind.

The doctrine of the Church of Rome concerning bells is that they have merit and pray God for the living and the dead; second, that they produce devotion in the hearts of the faithful. The dislike of evil spirits to bells is well expressed by Wynken de Worde in the "Golden Legend." The passing bell was anciently rung for two good purposes, one to beseek the prayers of all good Christian people for a soul just departing and the other to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the foot of the bed or about the house. Such was the general opinion respecting the efficacy of bells before the reformation, but since that period "it has been the usual course in the Church of England that when any sick person lay dying a bell should toll to give notice to the neighbors that they might pray for the dying party, which was commonly called a passing bell, because the sick person was passing hence to another world, and when his breath was expired the bell rung out that the neighbors might cease their prayers, for that the party was dead." It is now only tolled after death.

The saint's bell was not so called from the name of the saint that was inscribed on it or of the church to which it belonged, but because it was always rung out when the priest came to that part of the service, "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabbaoth," purposely that those persons who could not come to church might know in what a solemn office the congregation were at that instant engaged and so, even in their absence, be once, at least, moved to lift up their hearts to him who made them. Bells at one time were thought an effectual charm against lightning. The frequent firing of abbey churches by lightning confuted the proud motto commonly written on their bells in the steeples, wherein each entitled itself to a sixfold efficacy—viz:

Men's death I tell by doleful knell;
Lightning and thunder I break asunder;
On Sabbath all to church I call;
The sleepy head I raise from bed;
The winds so fierce I dust disperse;
Men's cruel rage I do assuage.

It has anciently been reported, observed Lord Bacon, and is still received that extreme applause and shouting of people assembled in multitudes have so rarefied and broken the air that birds flying over have fallen down, the air not being able to support them, and it is believed by some that great ringing of bells in populous cities has chased away thunder and also dissipated pestilent air.—New York Herald.

Marine Information.

"Do you ever catch any whales, captain?" asked the fair passenger on the ocean liner.

"Often, ma'am," answered the dignified captain.

"How very wonderful! Please tell me how you catch them?"

"We drop a few of the old salts on their tails, ma'am."

In the British museum are books written on oyster shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, copper, sheepskin, wood and palm leaves.

A FRIGHTENED ACTRESS.

When Malibran Ran For Her Life From Her Father.

Malibran was an exceptional woman as well as a great singer, and she had an interesting and spontaneous temperament. The daughter of Garcia, she had a harsh and difficult master in her own father.

When she was sixteen he one day came to her room and without any kind of preparation said to her, "You will make your first appearance with me on Saturday in 'Otello.'"

It gave her exactly six days for preparation. The child, terrified nearly into speechlessness, stammered that she could not possibly do it—what he asked was impossible. But Garcia could take no contradiction. All he answered was: "You'll make your first appearance on Saturday, and be perfect. If not, in the last scene, when I am supposed to plunge my dagger into your breast, I'll do so in real earnest."

The frightened girl had to make the best of it. Her success was absolute, but one little piece of realism in her acting at the end was a delicious though entirely unconscious piece of retaliation upon her father for a rather brutal method. Her Desdemona had been exquisite; she had made her what she was herself, a child, innocent and submissive and adoring.

But in the last act, when Othello steals toward her with uplifted dagger, la Malibran, truly frightened out of her wits, ran away from him and made for windows and doors, frantically trying to escape. When her father at last caught hold of her, so real had the whole thing become that, seizing the hand with which he was supposed to murder her, she bit it till it bled.

Garcia gave a cry of pain, which the audience took for a cry of rage, and the act ended in deafening applause for father and daughter.

The incident reveals la Malibran. She was never, in one sense of the word, an actress at all. There was no studied counterfeit of emotions, but a woman with an extraordinary power of losing herself in the emotions of others.—T. P.'s Weekly.

FORCED TO EAT BOOKS.

Human Beings Who Were Compelled to Devour Literature.

Among the causes that contribute to the destruction of books, says an Italian writer, Americo Scarlatti, there is one very curious one that may be called bibliophagia. No reference is intended to the mice that once destroyed in England an entire edition of Castell's "Lexicon Heptaglottum," but to human beings who have literally devoured books.

In 1370 Barnabo Visconti compelled two papal delegates to eat the bull of excommunication which they had brought him, together with its silken cords and leaden seal. As the bull was written on parchment, says the Scientific American, not paper, it was all the more difficult to digest.

A similar anecdote was related by Oelrich in his "Dissertatio de Bibliothecarum et Librorum Fatis" (1750) of an Austrian general who had signed a note for 2,000 florins and when it fell due compelled his creditors to eat it.

The Tartars, when books fall into their possession, eat them that they may acquire the knowledge contained in them.

A Scandinavian writer, the author of a political book, was compelled to choose between being beheaded or eating his manuscript boiled in broth.

Isaac Volmar, who wrote some spicy satires against Bernard, duke of Saxony, was not allowed the courtesy of the kitchen, but was forced to swallow them uncooked.

Still worse was the fate of Philip Oldenburger, a jurist of great renown, who was condemned not only to eat a pamphlet of his writings, but also to be flogged during his repast, with orders that the flogging should not cease until he had swallowed the last crumb.

Terror Saved Her.

A tale of a paralytic and a stroke of lightning: For twenty-two years a woman had been paralyzed, unable to leave her room. One night when she happened to be alone in the house a fierce storm broke. The poor woman was terrified by the thunder and the blinding glare of the lightning. With an effort of which no one had believed her capable she struggled from her bed and to the house of a neighbor. Barely had she reached safety when the place she had just left was struck by lightning. The room in which she had lived so long was rent in two and everything in it was burned or smashed. Power of locomotion had been restored to the cripple just in time to save her life.—Chicago News.

Her Advantage.

Mistress (after many remonstrances on unpunctuality)—Really, Mary, you must try to be more punctual about serving the meals. When they are late your master blames me. Mary—Ah, well, mum, of course I can go, but you're a prisoner for life!—London Punch.

Suspicious.

Mr. Bilkins (looking up from the paper)—The eminent physician, Dr. Greathead, says there is no exercise so conducive to health in woman as ordinary housework. Mrs. Bilkins—Huh! I'll bet he's married.—Tit-Bits.

Apples Improve Cigars.

Possibly the best way to improve cigars is to place very thin slices of apple between them. This is a familiar practice among connoisseurs. Any old apple will do.—New York Press.

Nothing hardens the heart and conscience like the acquisition of a fortune at the expense of others.—Buriamacchi.

SOUPS AND BROTHS.

They Are Stimulating, but Have Little Nutritive Value.

Soups and broths made of the meat pieces alone and without the addition of meat substance, eggs, vegetables or cereals have little nutritive value, although they do possess stimulating properties.

A dog would starve to death in ten days if fed upon beef broth pure and simple.

Soup interferes with digestion whenever a full meal is eaten. I consider it is being entirely superfluous and advise its discontinuance in a substantial dinner menu.

Soup, being practically all water, plays an important part in conjunction with the large quantities of other liquids injected during mealtime in delaying and interfering with digestion and laying a foundation for stomach trouble. Through it and the other liquids used the stomach is not only overfilled and unnecessarily burdened, but the gastric secretions are so weakened by dilution that they can act but slowly upon the food mass. Here again we have the food remaining in the stomach for too long a period, and there is likely to be produced all of the symptoms and signs of an intoxication due to the absorption into the system of the products of decomposed foods.

Soup eaten by itself or with a light meal, as a rule, does not act harmfully.—What to Eat.

Card Etiquette.

"Hand in a lot of cards," said the elder woman.

"Why?" was the hurried inquiry.

"Well, if you don't hand in enough," she said, as her companion dived deep into her case, "they will say you don't know what is right. If you give too many, however, they will think that you know better than they do and that there is some new style they have heard nothing about. Hand him a lot."—Kansas City Independent.

Official Directory

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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE P. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 21, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MISS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 9 a. m. except on [illegible]

[illegible] Sunday [illegible]

[illegible] Sunday at 9:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1900

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p m week days.

For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:18 a m 2:35, 4:03 p m week days.

For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Larabee 9:18 a m week days.

For Rochester 2:35 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr

GEO W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:35 a m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P

9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P

11:50 a m for Bradford via B B & K, and Pittsburg via B R & P

2:35 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and Buffalo B R & P

5:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and Buffalo via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.

10:25 a m from Buffalo.

12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.

3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg

6:15 p m from Bradford and Kane.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 3rd, 1900, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 2:35 p m and 5:15 p. m.

	a m	p m	p m
Arrive			
Bradford	9:00	12:25	5:00
Mt. Jewett	7:25	10:51	4:30
Kane	8:55	12:20	6:10
Leave	8:25	P m	P m
Bradford	6:55	1:20	4:35
Olean	6:50	10:20	5:45
Mt. Jewett	8:20	2:45	6:05

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a m., 12:00 p m and 6:15 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., K. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen. Supt. Bradford. R. S. BELLAS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 26, 1905

MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
6:25	5:45		Hornellsville	A6:35	5:50	
6:35	5:55		Arkport		5:48	
f	f		Burns	f	f	
6:47	6:08		Hornellsville Jc		5:37	
6:54	6:12		Canerseraga		5:30	
7:00	6:18		Gurwoods		5:25	
7:10	6:30		Swains		5:10	
7:28	6:47		Shepard		4:57	
7:33	6:50		Angelica		4:53	
8:22	10:42		Friendship		4:05	
8:54	10:45		Bolivar		3:28	
	11:35		Olean		2:32	10:23
			Eldred			9:36
			Larabee			9:28
			Smethport			9:00
			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50	7:20		St. Marys	A4:50		10:30
	10:07		Shawmut	2:11		
	A10:42		Brockwayville	1:36		
P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
8:30	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A10:35	3:02	5:55
8:00	11:30	7:35	Perkinsville	10:20	2:50	5:32
7:53	11:35	7:42	Rogersville	10:22	2:47	6:43
3:47	11:17	7:56	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:40	Hornellsville Jc	10:00	2:30	6:29
f	f	f	Burns	f	f	f
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09	Hornellsville	9:41	2:10	6:05
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.

f—leave; A—arrive; trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa. JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.59	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.16
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld June	7.37	2.42	9.34
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.46
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.52
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.05	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.35	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couda'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.30	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.28
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.50	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.35	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.53
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

●—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Thrust Upon Him

By OTHO B. SENGA

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Squire Hart looked the young fellow over keenly.

"M—m!" giving his pudgy hand to the clasp of the long, thin one extended in greeting, "Ralph Reed, eh? And what do you do? Football, I suppose, like the rest of these donkeys?"

Reed laughed good humoredly.

"No, Mr. Hart, I wouldn't stand the ghost of a chance in a rush. I'm on the track team."

"He's the champion sprinter, papa," interposed Elsie eagerly. "He won five points for the Nine in the intercollegiate contest!"

Her father frowned at her enthusiasm, and Reed's thin, brown face colored.

"You ought to run," grumbled the squire, continuing his examination of the young fellow; "you're built like a greyhound or a grasshopper!"

Reed, outwardly at ease, flinched inwardly under the squire's keen scrutiny. His contract with the pretty Elsie would be null and void without her father's consent, and he felt that his athletic career was a detriment in the eyes of the older man. He was not at all encouraged by the remarks that followed.

"I don't believe in it," irascibly "Boys go to college to study, or ought to, and they make a business of some kind of foolish play. If those football fellows," pointing to the three other young men who were his daughter's guests for the spring vacation, "had to work one-half as hard sawing wood or plowing, they'd think they were terribly abused."

Some one called Elsie, and she hurried away, giving a pleading glance at her lover which he interpreted as consoling him to patience.

"And as for running," continued the squire, with increasing choler, for he too, had seen the pleading glance, "as for running, why should a man of ordinary courage care to excel as a runner? Running is an accomplishment for cowards!"

THEN A STREAK OF BLUE DASHED BY HIM.

The blood rushed to the dark face, but Reed spoke quietly and courteously.

"There are things to run for as well as things to run from, Mr. Hart, and I hope I'd not be lacking if a test of courage came to me."

* * * * * * *

It was a merry party that roamed over the fields and through the woods searching for the earliest spring flowers; that rode and drove and sang and danced.

Young Reed and his fair hostess carried heavy hearts that made gayety an effort and laughter a mockery. The squire had refused to sanction their engagement, to listen to any suggestion or to make any promises for the future.

"I'll wait," he said grimly, "until you have shown that you can do something besides run!"

Apparently oblivious to the sports of the guests at Hart's Holm, the squire had kept a keen eye on them all. He rather admired the dogged pertinacity with which Reed took his daily run of three or four miles over the country roads. He smiled grimly when he saw the young fellow start out as if for a walk wearing a long raincoat over his running togs.

"Doesn't mean to give any unnecessary offense to the 'crewel parient,'" chuckled the squire appreciatively, "but intends to have his own way just the same.

"It'll be rather quiet and lonely at the house tomorrow," soliloquized the squire as he drove along, sniffing the fresh, clear air of the bright spring morning. "The lads and lassies all go today. I wish I hadn't been quite so sharp with Elsie and that young fellow. He seems a fine, manly chap. But what on earth does he want to run for?" ending irritably. "Hello, Bartlett, what's the matter with your horse?"

He had reached the top of a long, steep hill, and overtaken a neighbor with a heavy load of rock.

"Stepped on a stone that rolled, and gone as lame as a lazy man's excuses," Bartlett answered characteristically.

"Suppose I hitch in my team and take the load down for you," suggested the squire, "it's all level after we pass my house. You can lead yours down. Sit still, Betty Bartlett, and hold on tight," playfully addressing the little girl perched on the seat. "My horses are frisky, you know."

Bartlett had locked the wagon wheels preparatory to making the descent, but as the squire lifted the tongue for the other horses to be hitched in the lock chain snapped and broke and the heavily loaded wagon started down the hill.

He shouted to Bartlett, who, hampered by the four horses, lost his head and only bawled, "Whoa, Hart, whoa!"

Hart held on to the tongue and braced back with all his strength, but despite his efforts the wagon went flying down the hill like an engine on down grade.

"Hold on tight, Betty," the squire managed to scream.

He knew that if he dropped the tongue the wagon would be tipped over instantly and that there would be small chance indeed for the life of the child; so he too "held on tight" and ran as if fleeing from death.

"Go on, horsy," cried Betty, in great glee; "go faster!"

The squire couldn't spare breath now even to groan. The heavy wagon, with a ton of rock behind him, crashed and roared, bounced over the rough places in the road, struck fire from cut stones, and the man ran till his legs seemed merely rags fluttering in a fierce wind.

Almost at the foot! If only he could hold out a few seconds more! And then he tried to close his eyes—for there, crossing the road, directly in the path from which he dared not diverge, was a little scarlet clad figure drawing a child's cart!

Bobby—his own little Bobby!

He tried to pray, he tried again to close his eyes, and then a streak of blue dashed by him, the scarlet spot was caught up and rushed to safety!

He jumped instinctively when he reached the little cart, and it was crushed to pieces under the thundering wheels.

He had reached the level. He could feel the slackening of the terrific speed, but he still ran on, miles it seemed to him now, before he could stop the demon that was forcing him onward.

"Go on, horsy! Gidd up!" cried the insatiate Betty as the squire dropped limp to the ground. "You can be my horsy now," she remarked complacently to the first of the young men who reached the side of the exhausted squire.

They quickly improvised a stretcher from the blankets and carried the unconscious man to the house.

He opened his eyes after awhile and looked anxiously about him.

"Bobby's all right," said some one quickly, "and the little girl and—and, I guess, everybody."

"Ralph!" gasped the squire.

"Here I am, Mr. Hart," bending over him.

"I am glad you can run," faintly.

"So am I, Mr. Hart," feelingly. "I feared you were going to run over me, though."

"We'll have to concede you to be the champion sprinter!" cried one of the other men. "That was a pretty long dash, sure enough!"

"Ralph must yield the palm to you, squire," added another jovially.

The squire shook his head feebly.

"He—he 'achieved' it," he whispered, his eyes on Ralph's fine face, "but it—it was"— He sighed wearily.

"It was 'thrust upon you,' you mean, squire," understandingly.

The squire smiled grimly in acquiescence.

Cromwell's Burial Place.

The thirty acres of this great cemetery (Abney Park) include the site of another large old house and its grounds, Fleetwood House, once the residence of General Fleetwood and his wife, who was Bridget, the daughter of Oliver Cromwell. This sight is to the right of the avenue, and there one summer day, among older and plainer tombstones than those of the Abneys or opposite, side, I saw men mowing the long grass and presently came upon a mound inclosed with an iron rail. The mound itself was covered with ivy, but trimmed so that one could read on a red granite slab the words, "This mound was a favorite retirement of the late Isaac Watts, D. D." Tradition says he loved that mound because from it he could see the open country. It is now hemmed in by houses, but the mound is still solitary. Another tradition tells of a rumor current soon after Cromwell's death to the effect that the Protector's body was not in the coffin that was buried with regal pomp in the abbey, but had been secretly brought down to his daughter's house and laid to rest where now is the mound.—Christian World.

How He Knew.

There is a very forgetful girl in Denver, living up on Washington street. Fearing a young man who called on her last week would stay too long she set the clock in the parlor half an hour ahead. She was tired, having been out horseback riding that day, and wanted to get to bed early. The scheme worked. But then she forgot to turn the clock back and, having numerous young men friends, she also very carelessly forgot which one it was. Last night the young man called again. The clock was still fast and he noticed it.

"That clock is wrong, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I set it ahead so a fellow who called Wednesday night would go home in time to let me get some sleep."

"The clock fooled him all right," said the caller quietly.

"How do you know?" she asked.

The young man smiled a sickly smile. "I called Wednesday night."

The girl coughed.

"We're having so much trouble in getting a hired girl," she said. "Does your mother ever have difficulty securing good help?"—Denver Post.

THE SHARK HUNTERS.

Horrible but Alleged Painless Way the Fish Are Killed.

The strictly commercial business of shark hunting is done in small sloops whose headquarters are in the more northerly Norwegian ports. The crews are for the most part made up of pure blooded descendants of the vikings, who are still to be found in any number among the codfishers of Hammerfest of Tromso. And a magnificent race of men they are! Accustomed from boyhood to a life of hardship they have a way of treating Father Neptune with a slightly contemptuous toleration, like an old friend, of somewhat uncertain temper, whose rapid changes from smiling benevolence to wild, blustering anger are on the whole rather amusing than otherwise.

They care nothing for danger and little for suffering—in themselves or in others. Why, then, should they stop to think that perhaps a mutinous but still living shark can feel?

The fishing is done off the coast of Iceland in about eighty fathoms of water. Three or four gallows-like structures are rigged up around the sides of the sloop and from each of these hangs a pulley block, over which runs a strong rope, and to the end of this the baited hook is fastened. A plentiful supply of ground bait is thrown out to attract the quarry, and such is the eagerness with which the sharks take the bait that sometimes each one of these gallows-like fishing rods will have its fish hooked and fighting for life all at the same time.

There is no "playing" the fish. It is not necessary or possible, and the powerful tackle is hardly likely to break, no matter how fiercely the hooked shark may struggle. But the shark is not for his size a game fish, and except when he is actually being hoisted out of the water there is no very serious strain on the tackle. If he does now and then get away it is not because he ever manages to break the line, but because a lightly fixed hook easily tears through the soft cartilaginous skeleton of his head and so sets him free.

As soon as a shark has taken one of the baits the hauling tackle attached to his particular gallows is manned, and without any superfluous fuss or ceremony he is hauled up to the sloop and hoisted just clear of the water.

He is not brought on board at all, but with a few bold slashes his liver is cut out as he hangs and is thrown into a tub to be further dealt with later. Then his eyes are put out, and he is cut adrift to go and complete the hardly pro[illegible] as he pleases.

All this sounds [illegible] horrible, but there is [illegible] which goes far to make it [illegible] his death cannot, after all, be such a cruel one as at first appears. It is this, the fishermen say—that unless they put out the shark's eyes he will afterward cause them a lot of trouble by coming and taking the bait a second time.

It sounds incredible, but the statement is thoroughly well authenticated by eyewitnesses who have seen a liverless shark do just this very thing. Scientists doubtless are right in saying that the shark (which by anatomical classification is one of the lowest of the fishes) does not feel pain in the way more highly organized animals feel it. We will cling to that belief, for it is consoling—to us, if not to the shark, who is thus sacrificed that his liver may supply us with—what?

It is a secret not to be spoken aloud. Norway is one of the great centers of the cod trade, and from cod is made cod liver oil, and shark's liver oil tastes and looks exactly like it.—Pearson's Magazine.

The Nature of an Oath.

Some years ago a case was on trial before the judge of a court in a city adjoining Boston in which among the numerous witnesses for the defense was a decidedly ignorant appearing and shiftless looking colored man named Jones, who was to testify as to an alibi.

He was finally called, and the usual oath was about to be administered, when the attorney for the prosecution arose and addressed his honor, suggesting that Mr. Jones be interrogated as to his understanding of the solemnity of an oath. The judge therefore asked the witness if he understood the nature of an oath, to which he replied, "Yes, sah."

"Well," said his honor, "what is it?" To which Mr. Jones immediately replied, "When you tell a lie, stick to it."—Boston Herald.

Self Control.

A Boston woman was standing on a street crossing waiting for a car when a box of powdered charcoal fell from a passing wagon and broke open. The beautiful light dress she was wearing was ruined by the dust. The driver, who stopped to recover the package, saw the damage and said, "I am very sorry, ma'am." The woman bowed and replied, "It was not your fault, sir." He that taketh a city is indeed a small person beside the possessor of such self control as that.—Youth's Companion.

Not His Tongue.

"I ain't got no doubt," said Hiller, "but what I kin git that there job as consul in that place in England. It'd be a cinch too."

"Oh, yes," replied Peppery, "if you can learn to speak the language."—Philadelphia Press.

Eloquent Stillness.

"What makes you think Bilkins is in love?"

"I was in the next room to him and his girl and overheard one of their silences."—Life.

Forgiveness is better than revenge.—Pittacus.

Gerald's Wife

By.... IZOLA FORRESTER

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Broderick swung off the 4:35 express, walked quickly up the steps leading from the railroad platform and took his first look at Pineville. Those who lived in Pineville proper were content to call it Pineville. Gerald had written that they did not live in Pineville proper, but in Pineville-by-the-Sea otherwise Pineville improper.

All that Broderick saw were pines plenty of them, a flat white ribbon of roadway and a bit of a postoffice roughly shingled, in the midst of the nearest clump of pines. He stepped into the postoffice as the central spot of civilization. Some one was stamping letters behind the glass inclosure a girl with smooth dark hair. Beatrice had smooth dark hair.

He watched the girl stamping letters with interest and wondered why some one did not tell her to wear her smooth dark hair in two soft braids around her head, crown fashion, as Beatrice did.

"Where do the Vaughans live, please?" he asked finally, when the stamping ceased.

"The Vaughans? Oh, Mr. Gerald Vaughan and his wife? It's a brown house down near the shore, with a wide veranda and a funny roof. About a mile straight down the road."

A wide veranda and a funny roof. That sounded like Gerald. He wondered how Gerald's wife liked it. Beatrice was artistic, but not artistically eccentric. She had a horror of things odd, bizarre, so called bohemian, and yet she had married Gerald. And Gerald's brother knew that Gerald was utterly odd, bizarre and bohemian, so called.

He walked on down the flat white ribboned roadway and wondered whether he would find her like the girls Gerald had always admired. A lithesome, limp, blessed damozel type, with close silky gowns and loose floppy hair. Last summer she had not been that type. He thought of the trim girl figure holding the rudder of the Water Lily that last day. She had been more than the sort of a girl to fall in love with. She had been a good fellow, a stanch friend. And as he watched her he had stopped rowing, and they had drifted slowly in the sunset glow that it called the lake while he told her.

There had been no actual engagement. He had nothing to reproach her with. He had not been in a position to ask her to be his wife then, but he had in spite of it let Beatrice had meant more by a kiss, a hand clasp, a few vague words of understanding, than other girls. He had thought she might wait until next summer. And now in April, he had returned to New York to learn that Gerald was in disgrace, had married on nothing, eloped to Pineville-by-the-Sea, N. C., and his wife was Beatrice Stafford.

Gerald's mother had said they were penniless. Gerald's father had remarked that he didn't give a rap. They could exist upon love and art.

More or less for Beatrice's sake and a little for Gerald's, Gerald's brother had taken it upon himself to visit the bridal couple and help Gerald. Smothering his own love, he had made up his mind that as long as Beatrice had married a Vaughan she should not suffer from it.

There was no bell at the door of the little brown house with the funny roof. It was merely a bungalow in weathered shingles, and he pounded on the door lustily until it opened and Beatrice stood before him.

She was not the blessed damozel type yet. Her smooth dark hair was wound about her head in just the same crown fashion, and she wore a short dark blue linen skirt and a white skirt waist. The sleeves were rolled to her elbows, and from her finger tips to elbow dimples there was flour sprinkled.

He had not expected to see her face to face so soon or alone. Neither had he expected her to act as she did. The color rose in her cheeks, tipping even her ears with pink. It was an old habit. He remembered it.

"I thought you were in London," she said.

"You don't give a fellow a very decent welcome after he's traveled from London to this wilderness to say congratulations."

He stepped into the hall after her. She hesitated and laughed, looking at her floured hands.

"I can't shake hands with you, and—and the biscuits are in the oven. I shall have to watch them. Do you mind coming out to the kitchen?"

He didn't mind. There appeared to be only three rooms—the studio-sitting room, the dining room and the kitchen. Collapsible ready-in-a-minute studio divans were in the sitting room and dining room in lieu of bedrooms. It was all charmingly, most uncomfortably odd, bizarre and bohemian.

"Where's Gerald?" he asked when he had found a chair in the kitchen.

Beatrice knelt beside the stove to look at the biscuit. He could not see her face.

"He went to the postoffice for the last mail. You must have missed him."

"Well, what ever made him come to this lost corner?"

"Oh, because it was the chance of something definite, you know! Don't you know?" she added quickly, seeing the puzzled look on his face. "Well, Gerald's chum, Netherby Ames, broke all to pieces last fall from overwork and so on, and he was ordered down here. And he couldn't afford to come and stay indefinitely, so he pulled a few wires, and things happened. He was made postmaster here at Pineville. And he got lonesome and healthy and worked again a month ago, so Gerald's in his place, and he's in New York. Don't you see? It was really very definite and businesslike and right under the circumstances."

"Oh, certainly, under the circumstances," agreed Broderick. "So old Gerry's postmaster instead of artist."

"Both," she corrected. "He has lots of time to study, and it's good for him—the responsibility, I mean. You wouldn't know him."

"I suppose not," assented Broderick uneasily. He tried to reconcile his little circle of the universe, to make the chaotic jumble fall into place and harmonize. Gerald, Gerald the helpless, erratic, fantastic, irrational, joyous hearted, penniless artist, a person of matrimonial responsibility, a postmaster. But then he remembered the young smooth haired person stamping letters. Of course Gerald had found his usual way out of the difficulty. He had hired some Pineville lass to do the heavy work, and he drew the salary. It was like Gerald. But there was Beatrice, Beatrice making biscuit. He looked at her with troubled eyes, seeing endless vistas of Beatrices making biscuit throughout the years.

"Don't you miss New York?"

"Oh, so much!" she said. "I'll never be happy until I get back."

"Have you given up your own work?"

"Only for the time being. I shall take it up again, of course. I shall have to."

Broderick's hands tightened in a sudden grip. So she was to work again, turn out her endless succession of little wash illustrations for second rate monthly magazines. Gerald would not mind, would not see the point. He would think he was being broadminded and bohemian to let his wife carry on her own art irrespective of him. But Beatrice saw the point.

He rose from his chair suddenly, his face white with the anger and love he had smothered. Before he could stop himself the words came leaping to his lips:

"Why did you do it?"

"Do what?"

She stood beside the little bare kitchen table, her face raised to his, her eyes lit with startled wonderment at his tone.

"Why did you marry Gerald?"

"Marry Gerald! I?" Some one was coming along the white roadway. From the kitchen window two figures could be seen, and she pointed to them. "There is Gerald, and that is his wife, my sister Barbara. I am merely attendant star to the honeymoon. They brought me along to—well, to make the biscuit."

A minute later and Broderick met the bridal couple on the wide veranda under the funny roof. The bride was the girl with the smooth dark hair who had been stamping letters, and she laughed at him.

"I knew who you were, but I wanted Gerald all to myself, and I knew Beatrice would take care of you."

"She did," answered Broderick happily, and as the rest went into the house he paused to brush off traces of flour from his coat collar. But Beatrice burned the biscuit.

The "Father of Leprosy."

The gecko belongs to a family of thick tongued lizards, which are widely distributed over the tropical and subtropical countries of Europe and Asia, and in all countries where he is known he is thoroughly despised. Because of his repulsive appearance he is called the "father of leprosy." Down to times comparatively modern it was firmly believed that contact either directly or indirectly with the little reptile was sure to communicate leprosy. The investigations of modern zoologists have proved that the little animal is undeserving of his name of "father of leprosy" and that he is indeed a most harmless and useful creature. Since the old belief in the ability of this reptile to communicate leprosy to any human flesh which might come in contact with his warty, sore looking skin was exploded he has retained his objectionable name solely on account of the bad appearance he makes. His skin is one mass of scaly and tuberculous excrescences that cover his body from the tip of his tail to the end of his nose. Every quarter inch section of this repulsive looking body has a general resemblance to the thickened, callous protuberances that appear on the human body in cases of leprosy. On this account and no other the harmless little gecko was given the name of being the progenitor of the worst form of disease.

Ugly Athenian Coins.

It is little surprising that the Athenian coins are less beautiful than some others. They always preserved an affectation of archaism. The Attic drachmas bore the head of Athene and on the reverse an owl often standing on a lyre, the whole in a myrtle wreath. Plutarch in his "Lysander" tells an amusing tale how Glippus had been sent to Sparta with a great sum of money as a bribe and how he unripped the bottoms of the sacks and stole large sums, sewing up the sacks again, not knowing that there was a writing in each sack saying how much coin it held. On coming to Sparta he hid his plunder under the tiles of his house, showing the Ephors the unbroken seals on the mouths of the sacks. When the Ephors opened these they were in great perplexity, but Glippus' servant betrayed him, saying "that under the tiles roosted the owls." The consternation was great. Glippus fled, and the stern Spartans declared that for the future they would use iron coinage made redhot and quenched in vinegar to make it hard and unpliable. In the laws of Solon, 600 B. C., the punishment of death is recorded against forging the coinage.

EARLY FIRE IMPLEMENTS.

Appliances Used in This Country in the Seventeenth Century.

Undoubtedly the first fire company organized in this country was formed in New York in 1658. It was called the Prowlers and was composed of eight men, with 250 buckets, hooks and small ladders. Where the buckets were obtained and whether or not they were in addition to those owned by the town the records fail to state. In 1679 Salem purchased two or three dozen cedar buckets, besides hooks and other implements; also the selectmen and two others were authorized to take command at fires and to blow up and pull down buildings when such action was necessary. This practice appears to have been much more common before the use of engines than afterward. Boston on Sept. 9, 1679, ordered that every quarter of the town should be provided with twenty swobes, two scoopes and six axes. The swobes, or swabs, as they are now called, were long handled mops that could be used to put out roof fires. The general use of swabs has long since disappeared, but when a slight blaze is beyond the reach of a pail of water and more improved apparatus is not at hand a long handled mop is today the most efficient article to be used. In Japan these swabs may be seen on many roof tops.

In 1690 New York ordered that five ladders and also hooks be made. In Philadelphia no mention is made of public precaution against fire until 1690, when a law was passed forbidding the firing of chimneys or allowing the same to become foul. Each house was to have a swab, bucket or pail. Another act was passed in 1700 ordering every household to have two leather buckets. In the following year six or eight hooks for the purpose of tearing down houses were ordered to be made.

BINDING THE FEET.

This Queer Chinese Custom Is a Comparatively Modern One.

China's custom of binding the feet of its women is not as ancient as has been supposed. A correspondent of one of the native Chinese papers quotes from the letters of Yuan Mei, who lived in the eighteenth century. In one of his letters Yuan Mei wrote to a friend: "You ask me to get you a handsome wife and ardently desire, as your first requisite, that she shall have small feet. Surely you cannot be one who admires true beauty. An admirer of true beauty has his own individual tastes, disdaining to follow the dictates of others. Our ancient literature, in both prose and poetry, has many allusions in praise of beautiful women, but in no instance touches upon small feet.

"A work treating of the customs of the Sung dynasty by Shen Yo says a man's well made shoes are said to be square, and a woman's round, at the toe. In the T'ang dynasty, the first allusion to the feet of Yang Kwei Fei, the court beauty, was about her silk stockings. In one of Han Tung Lang's poems, referring to a woman's feet, he says, 'Her six inch feet so bright and sleek.' These allusions clearly point to unbound feet."

Yuan Mei's letter concludes by saying that the taste of those who ignore the beauty of face and form is depraved. He laments that sensible men should be so led away by a foolish fashion.

Origin of the Orange.

It is to India and to the Arabs as middlemen that Europe, and through Europe America, owe the orange. The orange crossed from Africa to Spain with Mohammedanism, while probably the crusaders are to be thanked for bringing it to Italy and western Europe among their trophies of the east. The very name is really Arabic—"naranj"—and of eastern origin, though the legend that it comes from two words meaning "elephant" and "be ill," because elephants ate oranges to make themselves ill, is absurd. Probably in French the initial "n" is dropped off from naranj, with the final "n" of the indefinite article, just as our "an apron" represents "a napron," and the spelling with an "o" points to false association with "or" (gold).—Economista, Havana.

A Good Reason.

Two Irishmen were digging a sewer. One of them was a big, strong man about six feet four inches in height, and the other one was a little, puny man about four feet six inches. The foreman came along to see how the work was progressing and noticed that the of them was doing more work than the other. "Look here," he cried, "how is it that little Dennis Dugan, who is only half your size, is doing nearly twice as much work as you, Patrick?" Glancing down to his partner, Pat replied; "And why shouldn't he? Ain't he nearer to it?"

Fixtures.

One day four-year-old Fred climbed upon a chair to reach something he wanted.

"You must not get on that chair with your feet, dear," said his mother.

Fred looked down at his feet, evidently puzzled. "Why, mamma," he said, "I can't take 'em off!"

How Not To.

"Please read our paper," annotated the editor in returning the manuscript.

"I do," wrote back the contributor, "and my stuff is designed to show that I know what is the matter with your old paper."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The trouble with people who lay something by for a rainy day is that they seem to take such delight in seeing other people out in the wet.—New York Times.

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RARE COINS FORGED

THE COUNTERFEIT PIECES DO NOT FOOL THE EXPERTS.

Dates Are Changed and Mint Marks Are Imitated, but There Are Always Little Things That Reveal the Fraud—Even Cent Pieces Altered.

Rare United States coins can't be counterfeited so as to pass muster,' said an old coin dealer emphatically "There is no more chance of die makers being able to make an exact counterpart of a coin than there is to imitate successfully the impression of a man's thumb.

"That there are imitations is true enough, but they are clumsy. Most of them are simple alterations of date They can be told at a glance by signs as unfailing as the sun.

"While the coins of a series of years may seem at first glance to be all of one exact pattern, yet close observation will reveal distinct differences. No better illustration of this can be shown than the rare cent pieces of 1794.

"Fifty-six distinct varieties of cents were issued in that year, and all of them closely resembled one another. Careful study enables experts to tell them apart. It was in this way that coin experts found that there were so many different dies made for the cent in 1794, for the mint records make no mention of the fact.

"The favorite coin with those who alter dates is the rare 1799 cent, which is worth $200 and more if in uncirculated condition. The 1798 cent is the issue that most closely resembles this cent, and this is the coin that is used for alteration. No collector should be taken in by one of these altered specimens, for there were only two varieties of the 1799 cent, and each has marked differences from the coins of the previous year.

"The 1804 dollar is another fine example. That is the rarest American coin. You would naturally suppose that there would be many attempts to counterfeit this dollar, for it is worth from $1,000 up. There has never been a single attempt to counterfeit this famous coin, but a number of coins have been turned out with the date altered.

"The design of the 1804 dollar is the same to all practical purposes as that of the year preceding it and in fact as far back as 1798. The silver dollars of 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803 and 1804 are all supposed to be alike, with the exception of the date, and they do look as much alike as two peas to the novice. Yet the die makers each year have left trifling differences that make the variety and the year of issue as clear as daylight.

"In almost every case when attempts have been made to imitate the 1804 date the dollar of 1801 has been used, a specimen of which is only worth a couple of dollars. To all appearances an 1801 dollar is precisely like the 1804 coin, with the trifling difference in date, and thus the person making the alterations seems to think he has nothing to do but simply change the 1 into a 4. Yet this never. .' the 1801 dollar bears little variations that show the year in which it was struck.

"Plausible tales are nearly always told by persons with such altered coins to sell. Not long ago a man came into my place from the far west. Out of a chamois bag which he carried around his neck he took two coins carefully wrapped in tissue paper.

"Tenderly he laid the coins in my hand. He was not a coin collector, he said, but had heard that these two pieces were very valuable and had bought them at a low figure.

"One of the coins was supposed to be an 1804 dollar and the other the rare 1853 half dollar, without the arrow points alongside of the date, which ought to have been worth from $75 to $100. They were certainly beauties, both of them, and the old man told their history, which went something like this:

"Back in the early forties a farm seeker, with his family and all his effects in a prairie schooner, came to a halt at a ferry landing on the eastern side of a river in Kansas. The man was at the end of his financial resources, and the only thing in the way of money he had left was a large silver dollar of 1804.

"He persuaded the ferryman to take his outfit across in his flatboat and left with him this dollar, which the pioneer said was a rare one, worth $10 or $12 back in the states, and he made the ferryman promise to hold the coin until he called for it and paid the price of the ferriage.

"The owner of the dollar never called. After keeping the dollar for many years the ferryman died, and his son disposed of it to the present owner, who had picked it up for the bargain price of $300. The ferryman's son, who was a good natured fellow, gave the buyer as good measure the 1853 half dollar, which, he said, was also a rare coin.

"Now, that was a very likely story and ought to sell any coin, but not here in the east. They were both very fine specimens, and they looked good to the eye, but they were both imitations and not worth any more than the metal of which they were made except as curiosities.

"The 1804 dollar was one altered from 1801 which a glance at the reverse showed, although the substituted '4' would have given the thing away, for this last figure was raised very perceptibly higher than the '180.'

"As for the 1853 half dollar, it bore no arrow points on either side of the date, for the very simple reason that they had been rubbed away. The work had been done very cleverly and thoroughly. One would hardly suspect that it had ever borne arrow heads, for there was no indication left to show this, but the industrious workman had forgotten to rub away the rays behind the eagle on the reverse of the coin.

"There were two varieties of half dollars made in 1853. One, the common variety, had arrow points on either side of the date, while on the reverse rays shot out in all directions at the back of the eagle. The other variety, which is the valuable one, had neither rays nor arrows.

"Attempts have been made to imitate the cent of 1815. No cents were issued in that year, and yet I have seen a dozen specimens bearing the date.

"Now the latter day imitators have taken up the task of adding mint letters to certain coins to make them resemble rare varieties. The accumulation of coins bearing these mint marks is taking a good deal of the attention of collectors nowadays, and the imitators think they have an easy field but their time is simply wasted, for their productions meet with no better success than the imitation of the earlier coins and can be singled out in a moment.

"The coin most often imitated is the half dollar of 1838, made at New Orleans. There were only twenty of these coined, and each one is worth from $75 to $100. To all appearances this coin is just the same as many others issued at other branch mints during the same year, with the exception of the tiny 'o' beneath the bust.

"From time to time persons have taken an ordinary half dollar of this date and with infinite pains have supplied it with this mint letter. In the majority of cases the work has been done so skillfully that the letter has every appearance of genuineness to the novice. But almost invariably the letter is located in a spot different from that occupied by the 'o' on the genuine coin.

"Even if the imitator took care to place the mint letter in its proper position there are other points of difference in the dies which reveal the fact that the coin has been tampered with." —New York Sun.

THE MEXICAN RACE.

It Is a Blending of the Indian With the Moro-Spaniard.

The Mexican is a blend of the strong and sober Indian race, melancholy, serious of thought, with the Moro-Spaniard, who for eight centuries waged war in the Iberian peninsula. The Moors left in Spain something of their blood, much of their speech and not a little of their habit of thought and customs. It is a good stock, that old Arab race—administrators, wonderful cultivators of the soil, chivalric as becomes the riders of horses, courteous, with an oriental graciousness. The blend with the southern Spaniard made the Andalusian race which profoundly influenced the first immigration into Mexico. We hear their words, the relics of their speech, and we note often the vestiges of their customs. The Moro-Spaniard has made his impress on Mexican architecture and customs. Often the Moorish eyes in some Mexican woman's face, proud, yet mournful, arrest attention in the crowded streets.

The Anglo-Saxon is the newer man, as it were. He is a man of positive achievements. To him are due the railway and the steamship, the telegraph and the telephone, the consolidation of business, the active commercial conquest of the world's markets. He in our modern age matches the old Romans in many deeds, in world adventure. He is the younger brother in the great Aryan family, which came into Europe ages ago from northern India. Spaniard and American, Mexican and German, are all relatives, kinsmen long time unaware of their blood relation. Spanish, English, French, Italian and German, the basis of Aryan and the Sanskrit is the common storehouse of the word roots, which we all employ every day.

Curious that we should insist on our differences when we are all essentially the same. Whatever is Aryan in us and that is the greater part is not Semitic. We are blood brothers and not strangers. The Moor is Arabian and therefore Semitic, as are the Jews. But most of the blood in Spanish veins is Aryan, and hence relates whatever is Latin in the Mexican, the Central or South American, to the German, Englishman and American.

By magnifying our differences, after all but our distinctive family traits, we draw apart. If we stopped to trace our origin we should see that we are not strangers, but brethren.—Modern Mexico.

Why Timothy Grass Is So Called.

The forage grass known to the farmers of the United States as timothy is so called because first introduced and extensively cultivated in this country by one Timothy Hanson, a farmer of Maryland. This species of grass is well known in England and all over western continental Europe, where it is grown extensively by most farmers between the Mediterranean and the North seas. The botanical name of this grass is Phleum pratense. Timothy is known in the British isles as cat's tail grass and in several of our eastern states as herd, or herd's, grass. It was grown in large quantities in Maryland and Pennsylvania long before a spear of it had ever been seen in England, the first seed of it ever seen in the last named country being imported from America.

Feminine Distinctions.

"I would rather marry a sugar magnate than be the wife of a coal president."

"Even if the coal president had more money?"

"Yes. You see, sugar is more refined than coal."—Baltimore American.

Enjoyed It.

"Look at that Boston girl at the phonograph. She is actually smiling."

"Yes, she is listening to Professor Benson's delightful dissertation on the 'Fungous Diseases That Attack the Larvae of the Brown Tail Moth.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Tender Way.

"Shall I sing 'Because I Love You?'" asked Mrs. Darley as she seated herself at the piano.

"No," replied Mr. Darley, who is a brute; "if you love me, don't sing."

A Mild Epithet.

In Sweden they call a plumber "rattenladingsentreprenor." In this country we have heard plumbers called worse names than that.—Toledo Blade.

TRIP TO A FIXED STAR.

Would Be a Long Journey Even With Transportation Facilities.

There is a perpetual fascination about the stars and the immense distances at which they lie from one another and from us. To demonstrate the vast distance of Centauri from this planet a popular scientist gives the following illustration in London Answers: "We shall suppose that some wealthy directors, for want of outlet for their energy and capital, construct a railway to Centauri. We shall neglect for the present the engineering difficulties, a mere detail, and suppose them overcome and the railway open for traffic. We shall go further and suppose that the directors have found the construction of such a railway to have been peculiarly easy and that the proprietors of interstellar space had not been exorbitant in their terms for right of way.

"Therefore, with a view to encourage traffic, the directors have made the fare exceedingly moderate—viz, first class at 1 penny per hundred miles. Desiring to take advantage of these facilities, a gentleman, by way of providing himself with small change for the journey, buys up the national debt of Britain and a few other countries and, presenting himself at the office, demands a first class single fare to Centauri.

"For this he tenders in payment the price of the ticket, £1,100,000,000.

"Having taken his seat, it occurs to him to ask:

"'At what rate do you travel?'

"'Sixty miles an hour, sir, including stoppages,' is the answer.

"'Then when shall we reach Centauri?'

"'In 48,000,000 years, sir!'"

HENRY BELL'S COMET.

The First Steamer That Plied For Hire In Great Britain.

Among the curiosities of advertising may surely be placed the first advertisement of the first steamer that plied for hire in Great Britain—namely, Henry Bell's Comet. Thus ran the advertisement in the Glasgow Courier of 1812:

"Steam passage boat, the Comet, between Glasgow, Greenock and Helensburg. For passengers only. The subscriber having at much expense fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the river Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock—to sail by the power of wind, air and steam—he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays about midday or at such time thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide and to leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the morning to suit the tide. The clearance, comfort, safety and speed of this vessel require only to be proved to meet the approbation of the public, and the proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement. The terms are for the present 4 shillings for the best cabin and 3 shillings for the second, but beyond these rates nothing is to be allowed to servants or any other person employed about the vessel."

What would poor neglected Henry Bell have said could he have seen his humble little Comet, of whose elegance, comfort and speed he was so proud, alongside a modern ocean racer or one of the latest palatial river steamers of the Clyde or Thames, all so well advertised?—Chambers' Journal.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Two Dramatic and Contrasting Episodes In Her Life.

Thistelton-Dyer, in his "Royalty In All Ages," describes two dramatic and tragically contrasted episodes in the life of Marie Antoinette, the lovely and ill fated queen of France. Once, in the days of her greatest popularity, when she went to the opera of "Iphigenia," when Achilles came to the line "Let us sing and celebrate the queen," he turned toward the radiant young sovereign and sang two additional impromptu lines of charming compliment. This graceful and unexpected homage so delighted the audience that "all was shouting and clapping of hands, and—what never happened at the opera before—the chorus was encored, and there were cries of 'Long live the queen!' at which expression of feeling her majesty was so affected that she shed tears."

On the next occasion, when Marie Antoinette's son of popular favor had set and she was nearing the tragic close of her life, one of the actresses in "Unforeseen Events" bowed to her as she sang the words "Ah, how I love my mistress!" In a moment all was in uproar, and the theater was full of hoarse, angry cries of "No mistress! No master! Liberty!" and "No master! No queen!" and it was some minutes before the tumult quieted down and it was possible to proceed with the play.

The "If" Is Rather Important.

Here's something that may save your life when a bull gets after you: When a bull charges, just before the final lurch he shuts his eyes, and if you have the presence of mind to stand stock still until he is about two or three feet from you all you have to do is to step aside, and he misses you. Any child with sufficient presence of mind to do this can let a bull charge all day with perfect safety. This is not a new thing, as it is one of the secrets of the bullfighter in the countries where the sport is practiced. The bullfighters say that a cow does not do this, and they would never try any such tricks with a mad cow.

Their Annoyances.

Neighbor—I called to say that you must keep your dog from barking. He won't let our baby sleep. Householder—I'm glad you called. I wanted to say that if you don't keep your baby from crying I shall have to enter a complaint. It annoys my dog awfully.

Works Like Magic.

Caller—Have you ever known any cures effected by what they call suggestion? Mrs. Hewjams—Oh, yes; I once cured Willie of a violent toothache by suggesting that he go to the dentist's and have the tooth extracted. —Chicago Tribune.

THE CUPEY TREE.

One of the Most Curious Growths of the West Indies.

The cupey, or, as it is sometimes called in the English possessions, the "attorney," is one of the most curious, as it is one of the most picturesque denizens of the virgin forests of the West Indian islands. It belongs to the parasitical family of trees or plants; but, terrible to relate, it invariably, with the basest ingratitude, destroys all life in the unfortunate tree that cherishes it in its early growth. The seeds are borne on the wings of the wind and deposited on the branches of other trees, when they burst into roots, which are dropped toward the ground all around the "nurse" tree. In time these roots reach the ground and strike into the soil.

From this moment the roots grow stronger and stronger until they resemble a lot of rope ladders thrown over the tree. Next the parasite sends down a great cord, which twines around the trunk of the supporting tree, at first as though in loving embrace, but it grows tighter and tighter, eventually strangling its benefactor out of existence. The nurse tree thus killed rots to decay, and from the immense fibrous roots of the destroyer now springs a great trunk, which rises high into the air. When a cupey is full grown it presents a magnificent spectacle, for the cordlike root rises often to fifty or sixty feet and supports in midair the vast tree itself.

ANATOMY OF AN OYSTER.

The Bivalve's Organs and Where They Are Located.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach and other necessary internal organs, including a set of cunningly devised intestines. The mouth is at the small end of the oyster's body, near the hinge of the shell. It is oval in shape, and, though not readily discovered by an unpracticed eye, it may be easily located by gently pushing a blunt bodkin or similar instrument along the folds of the surface of the body at the place mentioned. Connected with the mouth is the canal which the oyster uses in conveying food to the stomach, from whence it passes into the curious little set of notted and twisted intestines referred to in the opening.

To discover the heart of an oyster the fold of flesh which oystermen call the "mantle" must be removed. This is fatal to the oyster, of course, but in the interest of science and for the benefit of the "curious" it is occasionally done. When the mantle has been removed the heart, shaped like a crescent or horned moon, is laid to the view. The oyster's heart is made up of two parts, just like that of a human being, one of which receives the blood from the gills and the other drives it out through the arteries. The liver is found in the immediate vicinity of the heart and stomach and is a queer shaped little organ, which is supposed to perform all the functions of a blood filter.

JAVA'S ISLAND OF FIRE.

It Is Really a Lake of Boiling, Bubbling Mud and Slime.

The greatest natural wonder in Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated "Gheko Kamdka Gumko," or "Home of the Hot Devils," known to the world as the Island of Fire. This geological singularity is really a lake of boiling mud situated at about the center of the plains of Grohogana and is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it that appearance. The "island" is about two miles in circumference, and is situated at a distance of almost exactly fifty miles from Solo. Near the center of this geological freak immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great bubbles thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and the again quickly withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon of the boiling mud columns there are scores of gigantic bubbles of hot slime that fill up like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions, the intensity of the detonations varying with the size of the bubble. In time past, so the Javanese authorities say, there was a tall spirelike column of baked mud on the west edge of the lake which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated, and everything is now a seething mass of bubbling mud and slime.

EYEGLASSES.

How to Put Them on and Take Them Off Properly.

There is nothing which more completely changes the effect of a pair of eyeglasses than the habit of crowding them on the nose with one hand. The best efforts at fitting and adjusting are all brought to naught by a person who has acquired that habit.

The proper way to take off glasses is to take hold of the bridge and lift off gently without dragging or pulling out of shape. To take off spectacles take hold of the right temple with the right hand and lift it off the ear. Then turn the head to the right and the left temple will fall off easily.

The average wearer of glasses when he is cleaning them takes hold of the bridge. The consequence is that he gradually works the bridge out of shape, and every rub he gives the lens gives a twist to the bridge, and in course of time the bridge or the lens breaks when he least expects it. There are probably more glasses broken in this way than any other.

The correct way to clean them is to take hold of one of the eye pieces where the glass is screwed on the outer edge and clean the lens, and then reverse the glasses, take it by the other end piece and repeat the process on that lens.

A Spelling Test.

The catch question has often been asked, "How many words in the English language end in dous?" The common answer is four—hazardous, jeopardous, tremendous and stupendous. As a matter of fact, however, there are five, and the word often overlooked is hybridous, meaning mongrel or of mixed sort.

Nuns Are Shrewd Shoppers.

"Most people take it for granted that when women enter a convent they lose all sense of the value of worldly goods," said a member of a dry goods firm in discussing the patronage of religious houses. "As a matter of fact, nothing could be further from the truth, and nuns are recognized everywhere in the trade as shrewd purchasers. Hard buyers, the trade term, might be applied to many of them. Having taken the vow of personal poverty, they are nevertheless as canny as any business men when it comes to a business proposition or an investment of the moneys of their order, and it is a well known fact that some of the most farsighted real estate investments of the United States are made by the superiors of religious houses. Like most feminine customers, nuns change their minds, and we are frequently called upon to take back or exchange goods which have been purchased for habits, veils or household supplies. Some firms make a specialty of religious trade, and separate apartments are fitted up where the sisters can rest, examine the goods and transact business far from the madding crowd."—New York Press.

Naturally.

Knicker—There goes a man who would rather fight than eat. Bocker—Soldier? Knicker—No; dyspeptic.—Wasp's Magazine.

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